The explosive West: volcanoes only sleeping

American West

The land and its people

November/December 1983 $3

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THE 1984 WESTERN WILDERNESS CALENDAR

The 1984 Western Wilderness Calendar

Photographers
Tom Bean
Jeff Gnass
Fred Hirschmann
Philip Hyde
Charles Mauzy
John Telford
Tom Till
Stephen Trimble
Larry Ulrich
John Ward

Authors
Edward Abbey
Rachel Carson
Bernard DeVoto
Aldo Leopold
Barry Lopez
Leslie Marmon
N. Scott Momaday
Everett Ruess
Gary Snyder
Wallace Stegner
Hunter S. Thompson
B. Traven

The 1984 Western Wilderness Calendar is much more than an extraordinary collection of Western photographs, although it is that. Each month features quotations from the writings of one of the Western authors listed above as well as humorous and historical dates of significant Western events. In succinct, personal statements the authors reveal the Western experience and character, making a strong case for conservation and preservation of something of value. A truly unique collection, plumb full of Western beauty, wisdom, and heart.

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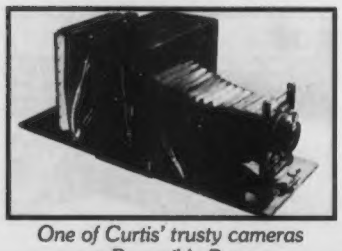
KUTENAI DUCK HUNTER

by

EDWARD SHERIFF CURTIS

In the early years of the 20th century, a great civilization was disappearing from the face of the earth. Few Americans at the time gave it a thought. But Edward S. Curtis felt responsible to future generations who might never have a true picture of the American Indian. And so, he embarked on a great photographic crusade that would take him 30 years... to capture for all time how the Indians' lives must have been when they had a continent all to themselves.



One of Curtis' trusty cameras ...a Reversible Premo.

Living among them, Curtis came to understand these strange, romantic, mysterious people as few outsiders ever would. With sensitive artistry, Curtis created photographs that are the most vital documents we have of a proud, noble, and vanished people. *They may also be the most important American photographs of all time.*

Now, one of the greatest Curtis photographs of all is available to collectors *for the first time* as an individual, limited-edition, archival framed print—the *Kutenai Duck Hunter.*

A lost classic...and a major discovery

Backed financially by J. P. Morgan, Curtis created *The North American Indian,* a vast work comprising thousands of photographs. The original edition was limited to 228 sets and sold for $3,000; only major libraries and wealthy patrons could afford it. Today, if it could be had at all, a set would sell for well over $100,000.

With so few people able to own it—or even see it—Curtis' collection slipped into obscurity. For many years, the whereabouts of the original copper gravure plates were largely unknown.

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From a collection commissioned by J. P. Morgan and endorsed by Theodore Roosevelt

Theodore Roosevelt, as taken by Curtis in 1904.

The turn of the century was a formative time for photography . . . documenting a changing world and establishing itself as a powerful new art form.

Edward S. Curtis had already come to national fame when the railroad magnate, E. H. Harriman invited him to join a scientific expedition to Alaska as official photographer. The resulting works confirmed Curtis' genius...and formed his resolve to document the Indian people before they disappeared.

President Theodore Roosevelt championed his cause. Roosevelt endorsed Curtis' work and introduced him to J. P. Morgan, perhaps the wealthiest man in the country.

At the time, neither Curtis nor Morgan realized just how extensive the project would be. *The North American Indian* would take 30 years to complete and cost over one million dollars. When completed, it would consist of more than 40,000 photographs of Indians from 80 tribes.

Long acclaimed among the very finest images of all is the *Kutenai Duck Hunter*, which was taken from the shore of Flathead Lake, Montana, nearly 75 years ago.

seemingly one of the most important photographic finds of our time.

Kutenai Duck Hunter: The Authorized Edition of the American Museum of Natural History

The Heritage Club began at once to make arrangements to issue the *Kutenai Duck Hunter* for today's collectors. The process of creating a superlative edition of prints proved challenging. Indeed, the plates were found by their owners to be incapable of producing more than a handful of impressions. Only with the help of the American Museum of Natural History did the project move forward. For in their vast archives was found a complete collection of Curtis' work ...and a pristine original of the *Kutenai Duck Hunter.*

Using the Museum's original and comparing results to fresh pulls from the newly rediscovered plates, Heritage's expert printmakers have employed the respected tritone lithographic process. They have created a truly magnificent edition of prints...worthy to be ***the only edition of this work authorized by the American Museum of Natural History.***

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The Authorized Edition of the *Kutenai Duck Hunter* will be available exclusively from Heritage Fine Art Prints. None will be sold in galleries. The edition will be strictly limited...closing forever on the final date of registration, December 31, 1983.

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THE HERITAGE CLUB
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November/December 1983 Vol. XX, No. 6

American West

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Magnificent Crater Lake in southwestern Oregon is a result of the violent volcanic eruption of Mount Mazama some 6,800 years ago. So great was the discharge of magma that the mountain fractured and collapsed inward, forming a vast pit, or caldera, measuring five by six miles, with a depth of nearly 4,000 feet. Gradually this depression filled with water, creating "the deepest and bluest lake in North America." Our far Western states claim many peaks of spectacular beauty that harbor the potential for volcanic activity as destructive as that ancient eruption of Mount Mazama. Turn the pages to see and learn about those sleeping beauties that geologists say might heat up and explode, devastating the countryside.

PHOTO BY WILLIAM GARNETT

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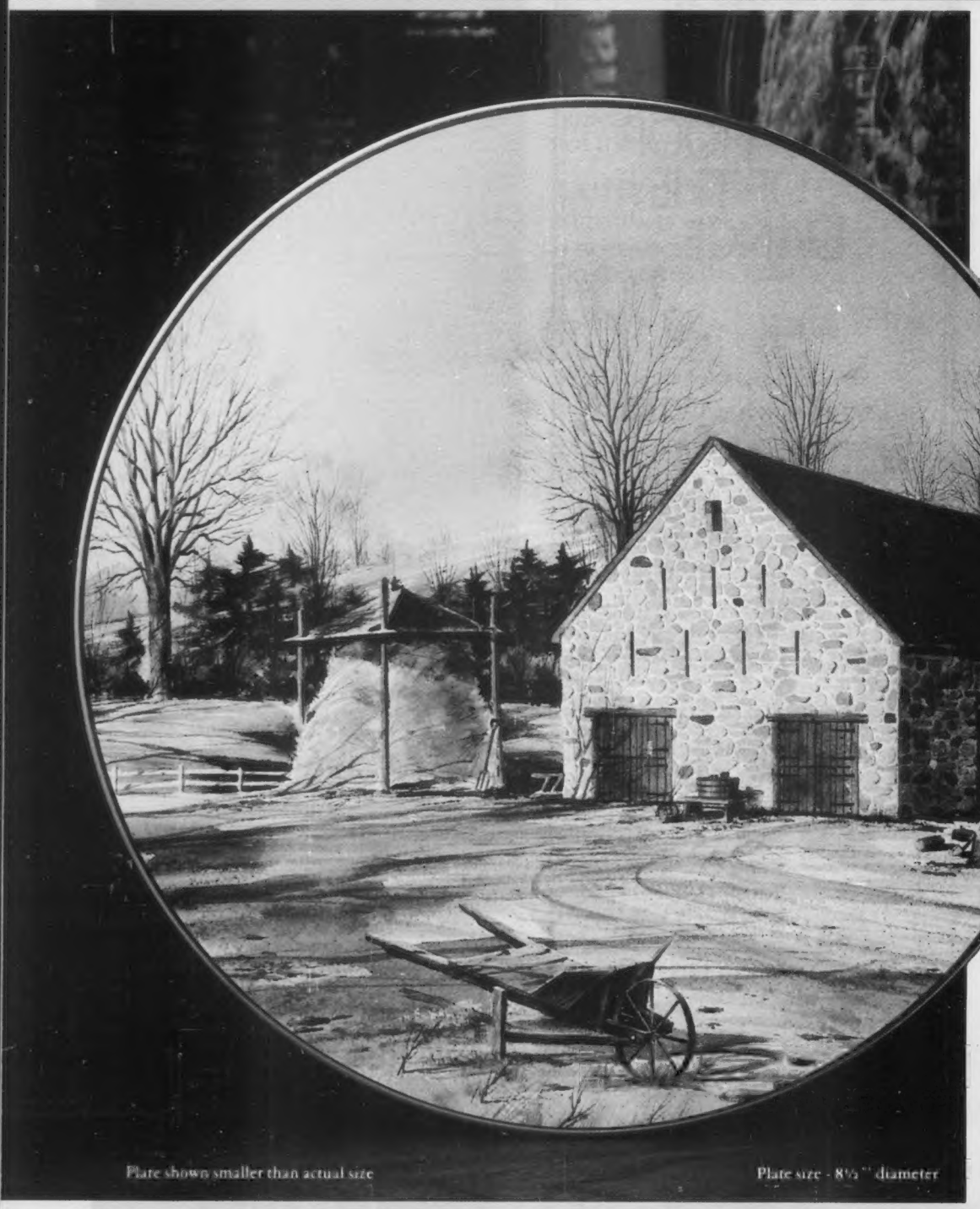

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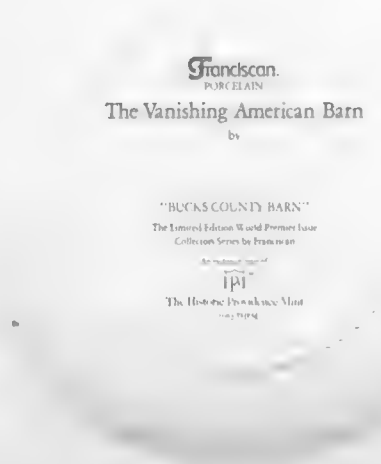
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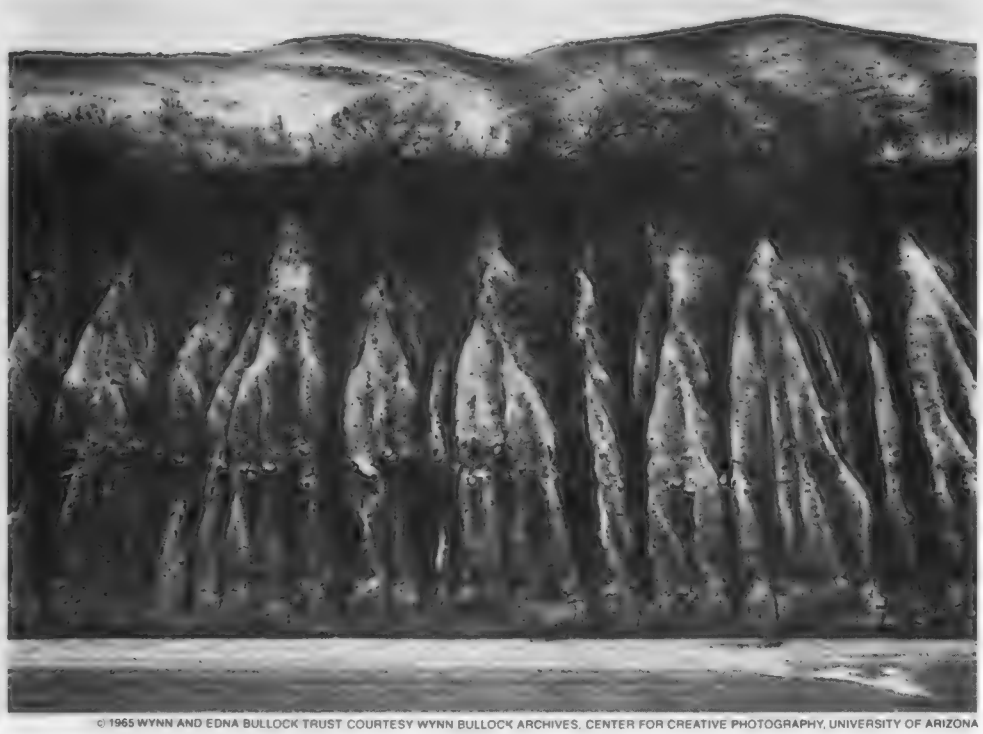

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America has always been not only a country but a dream.

—Walter Lippmann

There are moments in the West when the place—the rise of some mountains, the curve of an evening road, a little town with side-trotting dogs crossing the main street—can jolt us with a certainty that we'd rather be alive right here and now than anywhere else on earth at any time whatever.

So far as I know we English-speaking Americans lack an entirely adequate word to describe the feeling I'm trying to touch. The Welsh have a word for it, though. It's something called *hiraeth*, and it's described as a kind of never-to-be satisfied yearning, something between having been there before and a revelation—something with which Welsh folk contemplate their own landscape and their presence within it.

For a month and 5,000 miles this summer, in a great oblong loop of American geography that began and ended at my home in Tucson, Arizona, my family and I piled into a van and drove north and west and then dropped down the Pacific coast of the United States, taking in a part of the American West none of us had ever seen before.

Along the way this summer, and even now in these words I put on paper to try to connect my thoughts with those of you the reader, I've tried to find the right verbal stuff that would let me write my gut reaction to what I have a sense we already share. But mere words in the face of this Western space bounce off and fall back useless and spent in the imagination.

I could write one of those "roots" editorials saying that this sense of affinity for place—even a place I hadn't known before—derives in some mysterious way from my own Americanized, transplanted (mostly forgotten) Welsh origins. But I prefer to believe that this application of *hiraeth* is more a native American brand of longing and wanting to belong to a strictly American landscape. I believe that I and all of those other people I saw and sometimes met along their own summer road shared my experience in one way or another, and that after generations of spreading out from all parts of the world, and then spreading out in this country we are coming home, coming to this homeland.

As for the strictly American flavor, there's even a kind of instant place-name poetry in the towns and villages where we stayed the night or more along our way: Flagstaff, Zion, Salt Lake, Boise, Yakima, Seattle, Port Townsend, Quinault, Brush Prairie. Yachats, Gold Beach, Ashland, Little River. Monterey, Santa Barbara, San Diego, Tucson.

The geographer among the readers of this piece will recognize the states of Arizona, Utah, Idaho, Washington, Oregon, California—back to Arizona. He will see that we all but touched the Canadian border in the north and the Mexican line in the south. The native or the traveler to these same places will recognize in the solid road-lines that connect the towns on our map of words, stretches of desert, long valleys, glacier-cut mountains, and seascapes out of reach of adjectives to flesh out the memory.

He will remember in his own way neat farms and spreading ranches, lake-wide rivers, and tiny trout-filled freshets. Turning down the coast on this shared trip we arrive at a flood of sensations from the rain forests of the upper coasts to the redwood glades, so thick with giant trees that noontime picnics lodge in the memory as though always at dusk.

A flash of recall brings the corniche road—the world's only Highway One—into view and a sudden drop on the sea side so great even the surging Pacific Ocean arrives against the land with but a whisper and a muffled boom. Perhaps a memory follows of skies, always the same, forever changing; of country lanes rolling over hills into the unexpectedness of small towns that seem suspended in time; or of great new cities that seem to have arrived on the land a few years ahead of themselves and now have no place to go.

There will be places along the way where one feels ashamed for what we have done to our land; there are others where one imagines it's possible, for just an instant, to sense the presence and share the rush of promise and renewed hope the American land has given generations who knew and know America as the dream as well as the country.

We'd rather be alive right here and now than anywhere else on earth at any time whatever.

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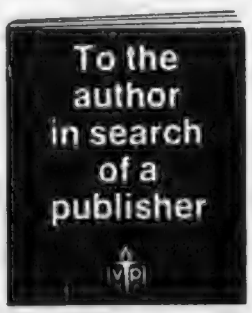

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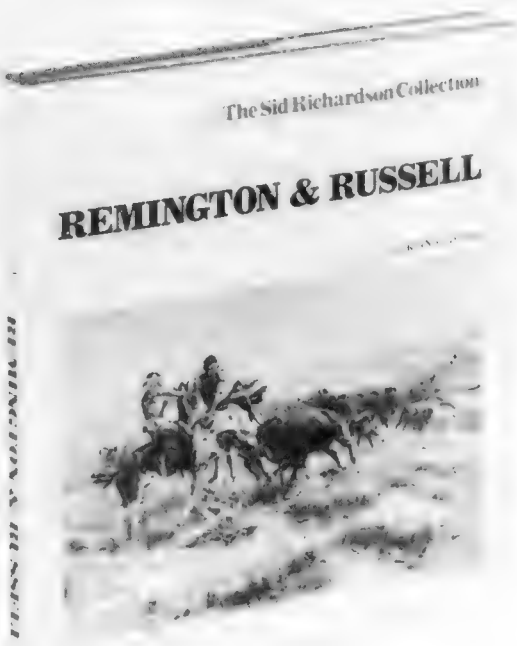

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Western Lookout

No hokum allowed in the State Fiddling Championships of the California State Old Time Fiddler's Association, to be held February 17–19 at the fairgrounds in Madera, California. But that won't stop thousands of feet from tapping along with "Three O'Clock in the Morning" and other old-time, hoedown, waltz, or ragtime tunes played by the contestants. The last day will be devoted to lots of jamming, when hokum—like the shuffling notes for the whistle in "Orange Blossom Special"—*is* allowed. There will also be dancing and workshops in beginning fiddle, guitar accompaniment, mandolin, and more. For information call Jerry Pujol (707) 226-3084 or Ross Huffman (805) 486-8744.

30,000 equal five. Milking scorpions has been a family business in the Honetschlager home for twenty years. The milked venom, in demand for vaccine research, is worth about $2,800 a gram, but that isn't easy money. Honetschlager and his son David spend many quiet evenings together scouring Arizona deserts for these dreaded arachnids.

DRAWN FOR AMERICAN WEST BY EDI GOUGHERTY

With black lights (which make the creatures look green in the dark) and a collection can, they can turn up 300 scorpions in a good hour—more if a breeze camouflages the vibrations of their heavy footsteps.

Honetschlager's daughters, Julie and Jeanne, do the tricky job of milking. Each scorpion is milked up to five times, producing a total of two to three large drops each. In a year the Honetschlagers might collect a meager five grams from 30,000 milkings. And everyone is stung from time to time. It may be exciting, but it isn't easy.

COURTESY SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA EDISON COMPANY

Steam heat, electric light

Travelers on the old Route 66 (now Interstate 40) from Arizona to California might well wonder about that brilliant flash in the Mojave Desert. It is probably coming from hundreds of sun-tracking mirrors in the world's largest solar power plant, Solar I. The reflective surface of each mirror measures 430 square feet, and the total 1,818 mirrors cover seventy-two acres of sun-baked land. These giant mirrors, called heliostats, are programmed to focus the sun's rays continuously onto a liquid-filled boiler tank, creating superheated steam of 960°F. This steam runs a turbine generator which, in turn, produces electric energy for the distribution grid of Southern California Edison.

At the outset of the project, wind damage was a big worry for engineers, but the heliostats survived last spring's fierce storms in their stow position—face down toward the ground—where they can stand gusts of up to ninety miles per hour.

"Solar I's mission is to evaluate the risk and payoff of solar central-receiver technology," said Mr. Krouch of Southern California Edison. In spite of high costs and some technical quirks, Solar I is considered a successful demonstration research project. With information gleaned from its operations, a new solar plant—more efficient and one hundred times more powerful—has been proposed for a nearby location. The Solar I experimental energy station is scheduled to run through July 1987. It is funded by the United States Department of Energy, Southern California Edison, Los Angeles Department of Water and Power, and the California Energy Commission.

Potato Progress. A hybrid potato developed at Cornell University over the last five years may save dollars for farmers and worry for pesticide-conscious consumers. Researchers have crossed a wild, hairy potato plant growing mainly in Bolivia with commercial varieties cultivated in the United States. The key trait of the South American spud is its ability to fend off harmful pests such as aphids and Colorado potato beetles. Microscopic hairs on the foliage of the new hybrid release drops of viscous liquid which, when burst by an offending insect, act "like an epoxy cement." With beak or feet glued tight, the immobilized insect quickly dies. Disease resistant and nutritious, these genetically built potatoes should be ready for the marketplace in ten to fifteen years according to Ward Tingey, an experimenter at Cornell.

More on Coyotes. The Center for Environmental Studies at Arizona State University is testing a way to curb coyotes' appetite for sheep without using the deadly poison Compound 1080. Experimenters in Tempe will try to change the predators' eating habits by putting the nonlethal but salty tasting substance lithium chloride in balls of ground lamb meat, explains Steve Johnson,

southwest representative of the Defenders of Wildlife. "The approach has been successful in Saskatchewan, Canada," he says. This coyote taste-aversion experiment will last five years and cost $837,000. ("Coyote Sings Defiant Song of Survival," AMERICAN WEST, July/August 1983, portrays the coyote's adaptability to controls by man.)

The diminishing prairie, an "often-ignored" region of America, receives its due in the Museum of Westward Expansion through November 27 at the Jefferson National Memorial in St. Louis. The historical development of the 250 million acres of tallgrass prairie that once stretched from Indiana to Kansas is illustrated with contemporary graphics, accompanied by comments from the journals of early visitors such as Coronado, Washington Irving, and George Catlin. "The Tallgrass Prairie: An American Landscape" also documents life on today's grasslands with color and sepia photographs, including some of the Konsa Prairie Research Natural Area in Kansas, one of the few natural prairie lands left in the United States today.

Whinnyburgers? Ronald Corn, president of M & R Packing Company in Hartford, Connecticut, is concerned about the public image of their Chevalean horseburgers. He emphasizes that horsemeat has definite advantages over most meats—more available protein, higher iron content, lower cholesterol, and only half the calories of a comparable portion of beef. And horses are not so susceptible to diseases that can be passed on to people, says Mr. Corn, calling horse "the Ivory Snow of meats."

In a market study last winter in New York City, the Chevalean vending cart roused mixed, but mostly positive, reactions. Morris Later, vice president of M & R, heard one passerby call out, "What are you cooking there? Belmont stakes?"

Rare Meteorite. Planetary scientists report that a greenish rock found in Antarctica last year is actually a piece of the moon similar to lunar rocks brought back to earth by Apollo astronauts. The discovery represents the first meteorite ever traced to a planetary body as large as the moon. Scientists believe that the unusual rock was jarred loose during the forming of a lunar crater sometime in the last one hundred million years. "Just a few

(Continued on page 20)

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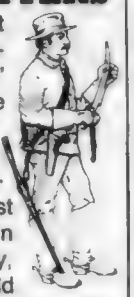

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Letters

Memories of Berkeley

The story "Growing up in Berkeley" (July/August 1983) could have been written for/by me. The author, Dorothy Rieber Joralemon, and I were classmates, graduating from the University of California and achieving our degrees in May 1915. I feel that those years constituted a Golden Era which Dorothy has delineated very faithfully.

Aileen Hyland Harelson
Napa, California

Jeffords, Dusard, and Nichols

Must compliment you on your September/October issue. You have really outdone yourselves. Having lived in Willcox, Arizona, many years ago, and having felt a strong sense of presence in the Dragoons, we actually felt transported as we read. The article about Tom Jeffords was of special interest because we are Southwest history buffs and read *Blood Brother* in June. The article about modern-day cowboys and girls with the lovely pictures of Jay Dusard and the foreword written by our friend John Nichols of Taos, New Mexico, was great reading. The style is so distinctive we'd have recognized it without his name on the article.

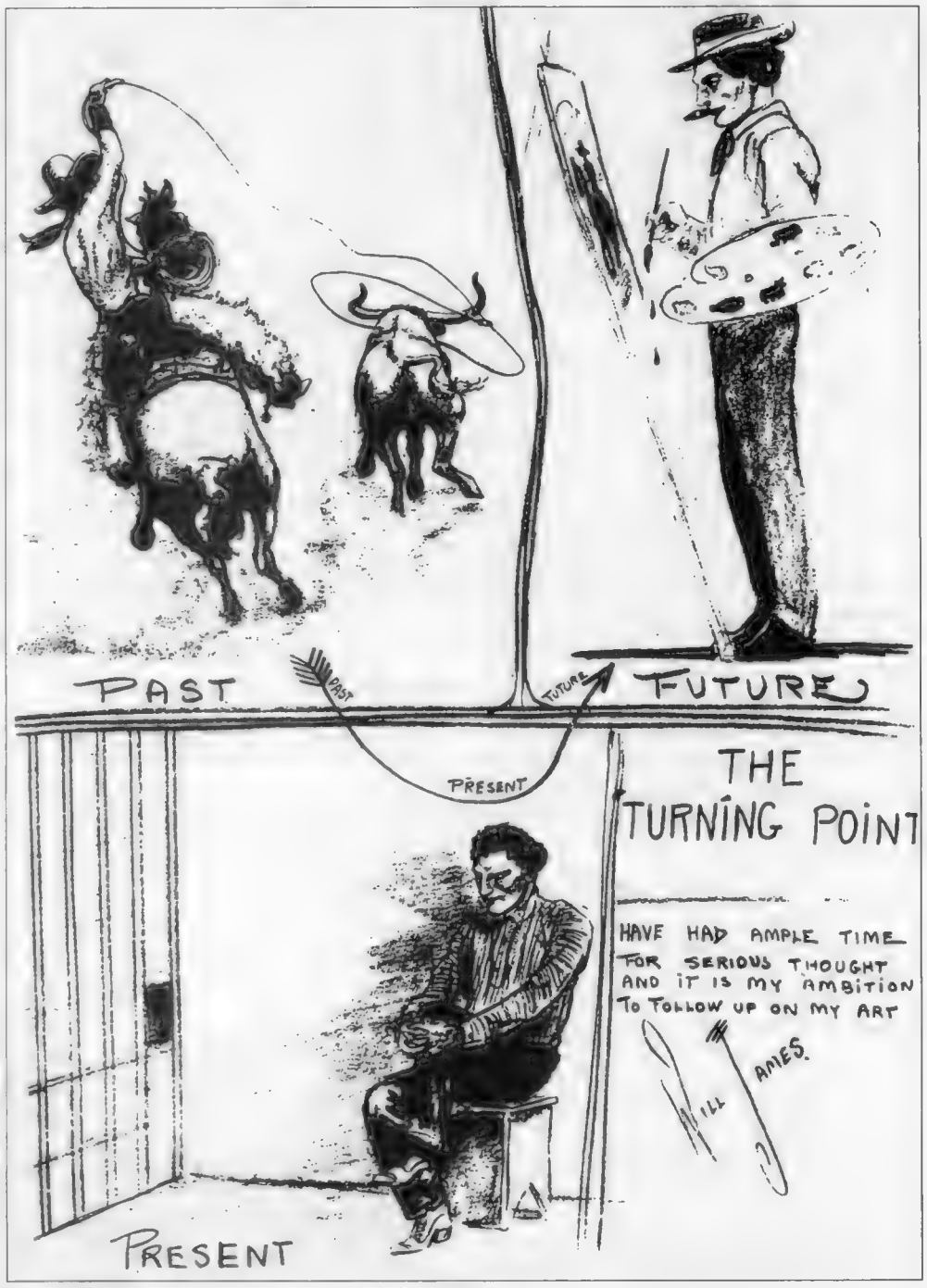
Laura Malone Gutierrez
Belle Fourche, South Dakota

Natural Causes

How much I have enjoyed your marvelous publication! My family roots dig deep into the rural Western life style, and I was raised with an appreciation for my forbears' tenacious pioneering spirit.

I regret, however, that the purpose of this letter is the result of a very negative reaction that I had to one of your articles. The September/October 1983 issue published the story "Natural Causes" by William Kittredge concerning an Oregon frontier murder. The story itself was well researched and presented in great detail. The grammar, however, was absolutely terrible!

I read each article with the attitude that it is an interesting and informative story. Never do I read your fine magazine with the intention of "picking a story to pieces." When the grammatical structure, however, is such that I must wade through extensive run-on sentences, confusing pronouns, and continual mixing of tenses, to name just a few autocracies, it is all I can do to retain enough interest to finish reading the



Will James in prison

Jack Fogliani, one-time warden of the Nevada State Prison, enjoyed the article "Will James—Inevitable Cowboy" by William Gardner Bell in our January/February 1983 issue. Mr. Fogliani has sent to AMERICAN WEST copies of some of James's drawings that are in his prison file. The drawing shown above was done by James to accompany his letter of August 19, 1915, to the Nevada Board of Pardons and Parole, asking for his release from prison. This drawing is reproduced with the permission of the present warden of the Nevada State Prison, George W. Sumner.–Ed.

article. Such was the case with this particular story. Since Mr. Kittredge is a creative writing instructor at the University of Montana, I hope, for the sake of his students, that he realizes that ''creativity'' does not necessarily mean ''throwing established grammar out the window.'' Creativeness and convention can coexist. I am sorry that the story was ruined by poor presentation.

Roxane Hayward
Elkhart, Kansas

Anglo-Saxon it is

I am amused! [Your letter writer in the September/October issue] must not be a Bible student since this person's sensitivities were jarred by the words ''piss'' and ''pissed'' in a recent issue of AMERICAN WEST.

I suppose this person would reject the Bible, calling it pornographic if it was known the same words appear in Scripture.

In reference, read I Kings 14:10, ''Therefore, behold, I will bring evil upon the house of Jeroboam, and will cut off from Jeroboam him that pisseth against the wall....''

II Kings 18:27, ''...hath he not sent me to the men which sit on the wall, that they may eat their own dung and drink their own piss with you?'' These same words are also recorded in Isaiah 36:12.

Just thought you would like to know. I find AMERICAN WEST very informative.

Noel E. Kurtz
Decatur, Illinois

Crash at Crush

In your July-August issue you have a marvelous article, ''Train Crash at Crush,'' in which it is mentioned that Scott Joplin wrote a march in commemoration of the event, ''The Great Crush Collision March,'' and I would like to know if you could find out for me where a copy of the record of this piece or the sheet music is available.

Harry R. Johnson
Spring Valley, Minnesota

Allen Lee Hamilton, author of the article, provides us with the following information.–Ed.

The sheet music ''The Crush Collision March'' appears in *Scott Joplin, Piano Rags: A Collection of Piano Rags, Waltzes, and Marches* published by Charles Hansen, Educational Music and Books, 1860 Broadway, New York, New York, 10023.

The piece was recorded by E. Power Biggs in ''Scott Joplin, Volume No. Two,'' in 1974 on the Columbia Masterworks label. On the back of the record jacket, Biggs writes that the ''Great Crush Collision'' was one of Joplin's first publications, being printed in mid-November of 1896 in Temple, Texas, only thirty-five miles from Waco. He calls the work, ''a delightful piece of musical imagery,'' and says that the listener can hear ''the chuff-chuff of the locomotive, and the powerful thrust of pistons and connecting rods, together with an occasional skid or two. But in an instant the music darkens. A train from the left—a train from the right. Urgent whistles. The collision!'' [Columbia Records informs us that this recording is out of print.]

Allen Lee Hamilton
San Antonio, Texas

Coyote sings

In the July/August issue, in François Leydet's interesting and informative article ''Coyote Sings Defiant Song of Survival,'' it appears a truism that you can't *down* the coyote.

By contrast the artist Lewis E. Jones, on page 37, has the coyote's tail UP in running. As far as I can frequently observe, his successful association with man hasn't changed his tail position into that of a wolf.

Ted R. Miller
Hereford, Arizona

Just a note of appreciation to the writer, François Leydet, for his outstanding work entitled ''Coyote Sings Defiant

(Continued on page 18)

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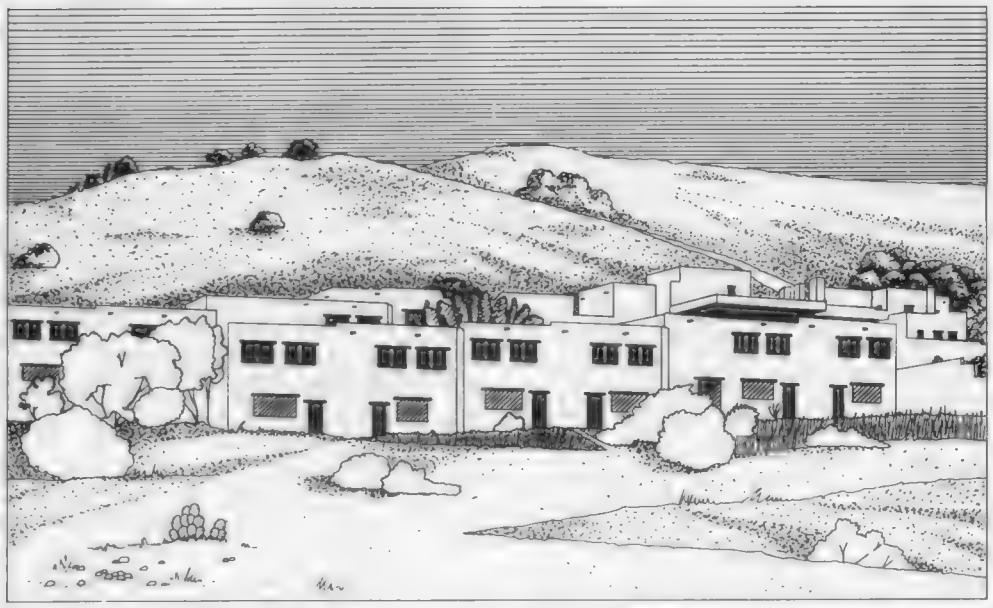

DRAWN FOR AMERICAN WEST BY JUDITH BYRON OLIVIERI

Indian Lodge in the Davis Mountains

by Francis L. Fugate

The Davis Mountains poke up out of the Trans-Pecos region of West Texas to more than 8,000 feet, intercepting moisture-laden clouds and creating an oasis that appears from the air as a small greenish patch on the vast barren land. In a protective basin in Davis Mountain State Park, a thirty-nine-room, pueblo-style hotel is situated. Indian Lodge provides a spectacular view of an unpolluted panorama of green and purple mountains with a seemingly endless plain stretching beyond. The Lodge offers easy access to varied activities in an area rich in historical memories.

Except for Antonio de Espejo's search of the range in 1583 for two Spanish priests who had been killed by Indians, the Davis Mountains were left to the Comanches and Apaches until gold was discovered in California. Then the War Department set out to locate a southern route between San Antonio and San Diego. Soldiers traced a path through the Davis Mountains, carefully marking streams and precious water holes on their map. A stage line followed the trail, and by 1854 there were enough gold-seekers and settlers to demand protection from the Indians, particularly at Limpia Creek where the east-west stage line intersected the Chihuahua Trail to Mexico.

Fort Davis was established on Limpia Creek "because of the salubrious climate and pure water." Today the old fort has been reconstructed as Fort Davis National Historic Site. During summers, park personnel wear period uniforms and tell visitors what a soldier's life was like on the frontier. Furnished quarters and a museum show how they lived. Bugle calls sound, and a recording of a dress parade at retreat is played several times daily.

Indian Lodge, about four miles from Fort Davis, is one of the few bonuses from the Great Depression; it was built by the Civilian Conservation Corps in the 1930s, complete with massive, solid-cedar furniture and a fireplace in each room. It is halfway between Carlsbad Caverns and Big Bend National Park. Clear, cool mountain air makes it a welcome stopover during the summer. The rates are sufficiently reasonable and the food is good enough that it serves as an excellent base for visiting the many points of interest in the area.

Within the park there are hiking trails and an interpretative center. Campfire programs and slide lectures deal with the history and wildlife of the area. In addition to Indian Lodge there are picnic sites; camp sites with water, tables, and grills; multi-use sites with electricity and water; and trailer sites with full hookups.

The town of Fort Davis grew around the fort and the stage-stop. At 5,050 feet above sea level, it is the highest town in Texas with a population of around a thousand. It has two pioneer museums of interest to the visitor.

A seventy-four-mile scenic loop circles through the mountains, offering dramatic views and the sight of deer, antelope, wolves, coyotes, and if you are lucky, a lumbering bear or a slinking mountain lion. Mountain climbers and rockhounds will find the area a bonanza. During seasons, hunters take mule deer, pronghorn antelope, and upland game birds.

McDonald Observatory on Mount Locke is operated by the University of Texas. It houses a 107-inch reflector telescope, the third largest in the nation. The visitors' center is open daily, and one can hear a lecture and take a self-guided tour of the observatory. On the last Wednesday of each month a nighttime program includes a slide lecture, a movie, and the opportunity to look through the large telescope.

The program is free, but reservations must be made well in advance. Address: McDonald Observatory, Visitors' Information Center, Box 1337, Fort Davis, Texas 79734. Tell how many will be in your party and include a stamped, self-addressed envelope. You can telephone (915) 426–3263.

Twenty-six miles south of Fort Davis, at Alpine, the Sul Ross State University offers a pioneer museum, summer theatre productions, lectures, and seminars.

Indian Lodge is located inside Davis Mountains State Park. The entrance is on State Highway 118, four miles west of Fort Davis. Visitors should make reservations as far in advance as possible. Write: Indian Lodge, P.O. Box 786, Fort Davis, Texas 79734. Telephone: (915) 426–3254.

Francis L. Fugate *is Professor Emeritus of English at the University of Texas at El Paso. He and Mrs. Fugate visit Indian Lodge to play bridge and watch the birds.*

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A miner's meal

Cornish Pasty

by Patricia Morris

For centuries Cornish miners delved deep into the earth to extract tin and copper from mines in England's most southwesterly shire. In the mid-1880s, hard times befell Cornwall's mining industry, while new mineral wealth was being discovered across the Atlantic. The miners and their neighbors turned to America for new opportunities.

The "Cousin Jacks" did not earn their reputation as prospectors. They were hard-rock men, miners who knew how to sink a shaft and follow a lode. They worked lead in Wisconsin, gold in California, silver in Nevada, and copper in Montana. Wherever they went, these individualistic sons of the earth brought with them their mining skills and inventions, Methodism, distinctive brand of English, love of singing, and fondness for wrestling. They also brought their favorite lunchtime snack, the Cornish pasty.

The pasty, like mining, has a long tradition in the old country. Pronounced past-ee, it was essentially a meat pie. It is said that miners' wives created it to give their men a hearty lunch all in one package, one that could be eaten without knife or fork. A typical pasty began with a shortcrust pastry made with suet. The pastry was rolled out into rounds that were then filled with diced round steak and sliced potatoes, perhaps onions and parsley, and seasoned with salt and pepper. Sealed with a rope-like crimp along the top, the pasty looked somewhat like a football. The miner's pasty of yesteryear was a great deal larger than the pasties that are found in restaurants today.

Some people swear fervently that the only true pasty was made out of "beef and 'taters," but season and abundance as well as individual family preferences greatly influenced the contents and even the appearance of a pasty. The old story goes that "the Cornish would put anything into a pasty, even the devil himself, if he crossed the Tamar," the river that borders Cornwall on the east. Evidently, pasties were made of such diverse ingredients as turnips, leeks, carrots, poultry, pork kidneys, and rabbit. In the early days of mining settlements when game was plentiful, venison was used as a principal filling for the "crib" snack. One interesting pasty variation had three compartments with meat in the first, potato in the middle and fruit in the last, yielding main course and dessert all in one container.

Whatever the circumstances, the pasty proved its versatility. Colorfully referred to as a "letter from 'ome," it could be eaten hot or cold. It could be tucked into a pocket and kept warm for many hours by wrapping it in cloth or newspaper. In some areas, miners used the tools of their trade as cooking utensils, placing the pasty on a shovel and heating it over a candle. The pasty was just as conveniently carried in a lunch bucket. Some buckets were cleverly designed with three-tiered compartments: tea in the bottom, a Cornish pasty in the middle, and a saffron bun on top. At the beginning of a shift, the bucket was placed over a candle, and the meal would be warm by lunchtime.

Pasties weren't always eaten underground. Served with gravy they made a very nice main course for dinner at home. They could even be served for breakfast, chopped up and fried in butter.

There were other foods peculiar to the Cornish diet, but it is the pasty for which the Cornish are best known in America today. A pasty shop or pasties served in a restaurant may very well indicate that you are in a mining community.

Grass Valley in California's Mother Lode country is one of those communities in which the Cornish influence is very much present today. The recipe that follows came from a display at Grass Valley's Empire Mine, one of California's oldest, largest, and richest gold mines. The Empire is now a State Historic Park where machinery, buildings, and exhibits remind you of what it was like to be a hard-rock miner. This recipe, reproduced with the permission of Mrs. Carlton J. Thompson, has been handed down through four generations.

Cornish Pasty

Make rich dough by mixing 3 c. flour, 1 tsp. salt, 1 c. shortening, and about 8 T. cold water. Divide into six parts and roll out each part about ¼ inch thick. To make the filling, combine 5 medium potatoes sliced thin, 2 lbs. diced round steak, 3 onions cut thin, 4 tsp. butter, minced parsley, salt and pepper to taste. Place 1/6 of filling on each section of pastry. Fold over each pasty and pinch edges together so that juices will not run out. Cut hole in top of each pasty and put in a chunk of butter. Place in baking pan and bake at 450° for ten minutes; then reduce to 350° and continue baking for 45 to 50 minutes. When pasties are baking good, put a little hot water through the hole of each one to keep them from becoming too dry.

Patricia Morris *is a free-lance writer who lives in Sacramento, California.*

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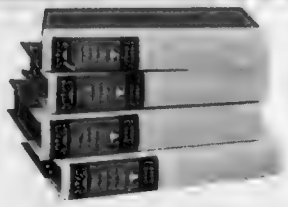

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Song of Survival'' appearing in the July/August issue of your splendid publication. I was particularly impressed by the fact that Mr. Leydet took the time to interview and acquaint himself with the views of such experienced, knowledgeable people as Richard Randull, former government trapper with the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service and now a field representative of Defenders of Wildlife. It was also encouraging to note that the opinion of Dr. Jeff Green from the U.S. Sheep Experimental Station in Dubois, Idaho, was quoted to reveal an entirely new idea of using Great Pyrenees dogs to guard sheep against attacks by predatory animals.

In summary it was encouraging to read that Mr. Leydet did not subscribe to the use of such a vicious poison as compound 1080 which proved to be as destructive to other species of our wildlife as well as to the predators. I'm completely in agreement with the author's concluding remarks that the human race, upon considering how we have so ''muddled-up'' our beautiful environment might do well to reassess and revalue all of our Creator's wondrous works (the coyote included) and humble ourselves!

For many years we raised sheep in a small way within the county, not on open range. Our animals were killed by a team of vicious dogs, not the coyote killing for food.

Richard McColley
Des Moines, Washington

DRAWN FOR AMERICAN WEST BY JACK S. WILLIAMS

El Gran Conquistador

Your fine magazine was mousetrapped by the caption-writer for the Diego Rivera murals in the September/October issue.

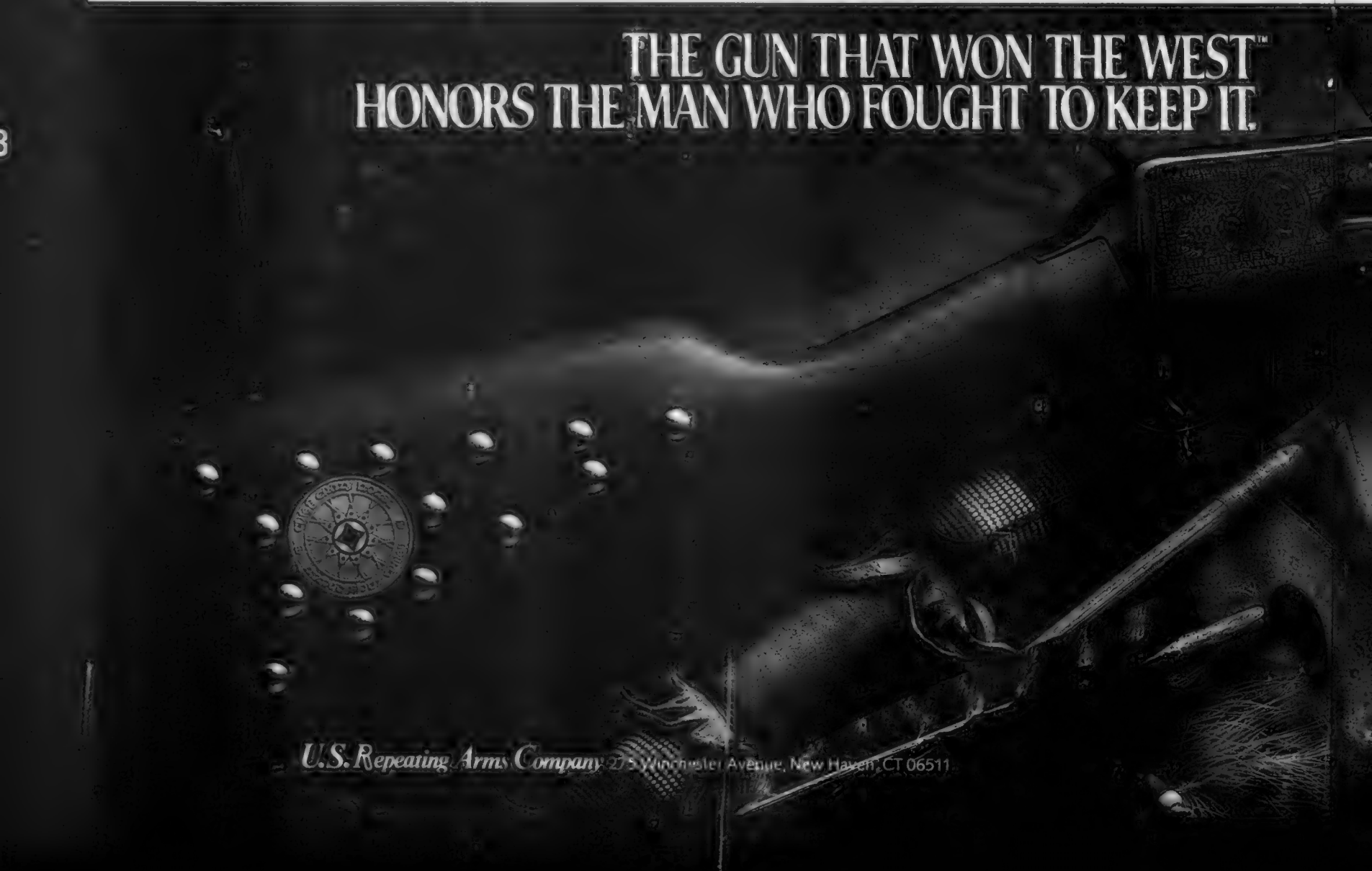
Whether one likes Rivera's pictures or not, his history was no better than his politics. I did a bunch of graduate work on the Conquest, and I am well clued in on the source material—both Spanish and Nahuatl. The achievements of *El Gran Conquistador* stand among the wonders of the world, and the efforts of the *indianistas* to put them down should be exposed as the infantilisms they are.

Jeff Cooper
The American Pistol Institute
Paulden, Arizona

Hidden Inn

This is just one of those almost impossible things to believe. I subscribe to AMERICAN WEST and I guess you sell your subscribers' names and addresses because I received a deal from a ranch that above my name had your name.

The more I looked at those pictures and scenery, etc., the more familiar everything looked and the fact it was in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the Little Sunlight Valley out of Cody, Wyoming, prompted me to write, and I'll be damn if it wasn't the same ranch I had worked on in 1936. [See Hidden Inns & Lost Trails in May/June 1983.] We have exchanged pictures, and lots of the old log buildings are still in use—bunkhouse, saddle shed, and barn—but everything else is changed, no more Morgan studs or wild horses. Most things look pretty much the same except modernation has taken over.

Marshall Dominick of the now 7D Ranch near Cody, Wyoming, has been very friendly. The original ranch was the Lazy Open A Quarter Circle, owned by Dewey Riddle, the first sheriff of Park County, Wyoming.

Anyway, your magazine brought great memories back from nearly fifty years ago.

Kenneth S. Russell
Medford, Oregon

Our West

I agree that too many people who write about the West fail "to get beyond the image and write about the reality" (View from the West, July/August 1983). But your magazine, since its association with the Buffalo Bill Historical Center, is guilty of perpetuating impressions of an over-romanticized Old West—rugged and independent Europeans achieving heroic personalities by taming a boundless land of noble natives. You pay too little attention to other images of the West, to contemporary problems of people and land, and to the future. I suggest that you respond to your own criticism that "we don't recognize the place we read about."

Thomas R. Vale
Madison, Wisconsin

That Baby Grand again

I am glad to stand corrected as to my past contention on the Baby Grand Chevrolet matter in the Letters column. However, there was also the Baby Grand Overland touring car in 1916 when my Swiss father traded in some dairy cows for one to the Thompson Brothers dealership in Marysville, Kansas, that year. I think the price on it was $600. I can still, as a farm boy of eleven, smell the new-car smell or odor of its leather upholstery in my olfactory memory.

I love the AMERICAN WEST magazine and intend to be a subscriber for the rest of my life. My aged brother Ernest once shook hands with Buffalo Bill Cody in his Wild West show appearance at Marysville, Kansas, in 1911. He is still living.

The July/August edition is indeed fascinating.

Walter R. Wullschleger
Jackson, Kentucky

AMERICAN WEST welcomes letters from its readers. Some editing of letters may be necessary in order to print a cross section of those we receive. Please address: Letters to the Editor, AMERICAN WEST, 3033 N. Campbell Ave., Tucson, Ariz. 85719.

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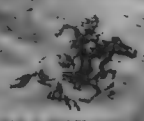

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Lookout *(Continued from page 11)*

years ago, the notion that we could have anything from the moon or Mars would have been ridiculed.... It is a very rare find, and it extends our knowledge of the moon considerably," says Michael Drake, who analyzed part of the meteorite at the University of Arizona's Lunar and Planetary Laboratory.

The spirit of Mexico lives in the prints and drawings at the Museum of Fine Arts, Houston, this fall. History and legend come to life in the unique graphic works of Posada, Orozco, Rivera, and Siqueiros, on display in the Romansky Gallery, November 3 through January 1, 1984. "Artist and Artisan: North American Indian Art," a historical exhibit designed for young people, will be shown during the same period in the Masterson Study Gallery.

Gifts of Mother Earth. A century of Zuni ceramics from the collections of the Heard and Smithsonian museums are on display at the Heard Museum in Phoenix through February 15, 1984. Heirloom and contemporary vessels from the Pueblo of Zuni, as well as figures and other artifacts, show the traditional designs of this culture and their adaptations in modern ceramic works.

COURTESY HEARD MUSEUM

Authenticity is top priority at the Living History Farms in Des Moines, Iowa. Here, in a model Ioway Indian village, workers cultivate sacred tobacco as well as native squash, beans, and corn using animal-bone hoes and antler rakes. On other farms in the 600-acre museum, horse-drawn plows till the soil, or steam-powered separators thresh oats.

Although the Farms lie idle most of each winter, visitors are welcome to celebrate the Christmas holidays at the Victorian Mansion. During the first two weekends in December the mansion's chambers will be warmed with baking in the woodburning stove as well as music making, craft making.

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and tree decorating (with such trinkets as hand-crocheted snowflakes and glass icicles). For more information call (515) 278-5286 or write to Living History Farms, 2600 Northwest 111th Street, Des Moines, Iowa 50322.

Cradleboards and Toys. Fancy beadwork and porcupine quills decorate Plains Indian cradleboards going on display September 28 at the Buffalo Bill Historical Center in Cody, Wyoming. The exhibit will emphasize the use of baby carriers, including Indian hammocks, and toys in nearly twenty different tribal cultures. Dating from 1870 to the present day, Cheyenne cradleboard styles reveal continuity and change within one particular tradition. The show runs through November 30.

Super Bowl Sunday Run. The scenic California coastline will have more than its usual share of runners this January 22. At Redondo Beach seventeen to twenty thousand contestants will race that day in the largest annual, ten-kilometer run in the West. Because of bottlenecks along the route, this race is "a fun run first and a competition run second," says Jonathan Bernstein of the Redondo Beach Chamber of Commerce. "People run in costumes, in teams, with pets or baby buggies." The prizes are passed out for fun, too. Last year four grand prizes were awarded: two to winners and "two at random."

The Unknown Ansel Adams? Two exhibits honoring this master photographer, "Ansel Adams: The Eightieth Birthday Retrospective" and "The Unknown Ansel Adams" will be exhibited together at the Denver Museum of Natural History through November 27. Many photographs in these shows have never been published or exhibited previously—including some of Adams's earliest, childhood works and those made in early 1982. The prints displayed in these two collections cover all phases of Adams's well-known sixty-six-year career.

Arson or accident. People are responsible for nine out of ten wildfires, by intention or accident, according to the California Department of Forestry. In a recent twelve-month period 300,000 acres of California land were devastated by wildfire. In a typical year, damage from wildfires and the cost of fighting them total $300 million in that state. Your department of forestry needs your help. Information on fire prevention and arson watch may be obtained by calling the local office of your state department of forestry.

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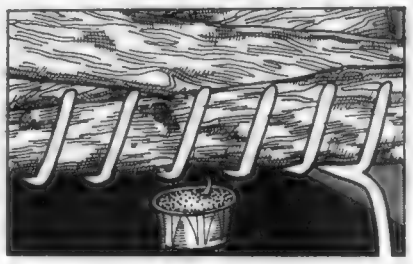

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Hairy partners

Those wonderful working dogs steal the show

by Paul McHugh

IN THE LIVING ROOM OF THE SNUG HOME HE RETIRED TO, ninety-four-year-old Charlie Sagehorn hitches up his suspenders, sits on a hassock in front of the fireplace, and spins tales of long hunts and big drives with the dogs he used in the ranching heyday of northern California.

"I was born in 1888. Grew up near Hearst, on the main fork of the Eel River. Some ranches had cattle back then, but most of them were running sheep, and if you didn't have good dogs to help you get them up on these wild ranges, you had a problem.

"My family had McNab Shepherd dogs, and a pack of hounds. I remember one McNab named Gyp as a particular outstanding dog. He'd take sheep out to pasture by himself, let 'em spread out to graze, and watch them all day long from a knoll. At the end of the day, he'd gather them back into a flock, come down to the ranch by himself for his supper, then go back out to spend the night with the sheep on the bedding ground. All without anyone giving him a single order.

"Gyp was a good hunter, too. He treed several mountain lions and bobcats, and he was the only dog I've ever owned or heard about that would bay a dead deer. Sometimes, when I shot at one and think I'd missed because it run off clean, Gyp would follow it to see if it fell. If it did, he'd find it, and bark for me until I came.

"The hounds helped us keep the predators controlled. Sounder and Ranger were what I called my most dependable 'start' dogs. They were thoroughly broke, would only chase varmints, and they had wonderful noses for cold-trailing, what you call tracking an animal before you actually jump it and start chasing.

"I remember one time, just before sunup, I was at a place we called Buck Opening, where a couple hundred sheep usually bedded down. They were gone, and I could see by the tracks that a mountain lion had come by and driven them off into the brush—where I found them, all huddled up. It apparently had just happened, because none of them had been killed yet.

"Well, Sounder and Ranger took off and went around the sheep to a place where a big fir was leaning over with its top about twenty feet from the ground. The hounds picked up a trail and ran it about a mile, 'til they figured out they were running in the direction the lion had *come* from. So, they come back to me.

"Apparently, that lion had heard us approach, and maybe he'd been chased by hounds before, because he'd run up the trunk of that leaning tree and jumped off the top, to put a break in his trail. But those two hounds of mine circled the tree, picked up his fresh tracks, and took off again.

"It was snowing, which makes it tough because it washes out scent. But Sounder and Ranger kept finding something. Every once in a while, I'd hear this one little yip. They went out through heavy timber, over a high mountain, and down

PHOTO BY PAUL McHUGH

With hairy eyeball, Leo Ielmorini's prize Collie Sissy makes these sheep toe the line during dog trials at the Mendocino County Fair in California. This use of "eye," a hallmark trait of Border Collies, can be excessive, however; a dog can become as hypnotized by the sheep as they are by him.

the other side. When I got to the ridge, I could hear them a-yellin' 'Treed!' right down in the canyon. I went in, and they had that big old lion in a madrone tree, just up out of their reach.

"Well, it was snowing, like I say, and a tough shot. With a mountain lion, you've got to be careful to make it good, because a wounded panther can shore tear hell out of your dogs. Anyway, I got too close, and the lion jumped out, right over the heads of the dogs. They grabbed at him and missed, which was a good thing. But he was able to go only a short way before they treed him again. And that's where I got him."

The partnership Charlie describes between ranchers and shepherd dogs, huntsmen and hounds, was an unsung but necessary part of working the rugged ranges of the old West. As one old-timer put it to me, "I loved the ranching life, but if I couldn't 've had good dogs, I would've done something else."

Today, dogs are still used in many areas by ranchers who know or are learning the advantages of having these smart and enthusiastic animals help them in their work. The type known as McNab Shepherd, like Charlie's "Gyp," now in use as far north as Alaska and as far east as Montana, originated when the Scotsman Alexander McNab brought Border Collies to his ranch near Ukiah, California, in the mid-1800s. Soon, the cooperative network of ranching families began to breed them to local dogs recognized for various forms of brilliance, and pass around the pups. I was told it was a gesture of respect to ask for a pup by another man's dog. Often, no type of paper—neither money nor pedigree—changed hands. The strong oral tradition around dogs told a

PHOTO BY PAUL McHUGH

rancher all he needed to know.

Claude Rose is a retired wrangler who was linked to the Sagehorns by at least one dog's trail. On the ranch near Boonville, where he and his wife Lu continue to raise and train Border Collies, Claude's reminiscences are spiked with a wry humor.

"I can't tell you the best dog I ever had; there were so many of them great, you know. There was one called Barney, that Charlie Sagehorn's brother Herman gave me. Herman was going to 'cull' that pup, 'cos he'd kill every chicken that came within reach. But Herman knew I didn't care if a dog kills chickens, in fact I'm suspicious of one that won't, so he called me up and told me to come get him.

AFTER I GOT BARNEY TRAINED, I MOVED TO THE FOP-piano ranch and took it over," Claude continued. "And the sheep there were pretty unmannerly; they hadn't had any good dogs worken 'em for a long time. Well, I was riding the range, checking things over, when I saw a flock in the distance jump up from their shade-ground. I saw the dust rise as they ran off. I looked around for my dogs, and they were all still with me except for that young Barney-dog.

"It was another whole day before I found him. If you don't go find a dog that's holding something for you, see, they'll lose faith.

"I was finally able to track down what had happened.

To see working dogs trials: Many county and state agricultural fairs include working dog trials. Also, local and regional associations sponsor such trials, especially throughout the South, Midwest, and West. Enquire of the fair associations, of local agricultural agents, and of agricultural schools to learn of scheduled events. The *Southern Stockdog Journal* carries news of working dog trials throughout the country from early spring to autumn. To subscribe, write to Mike Devine, Editor, at Route 1, Box 65K, Burkeville, Alabama 36725.

Here are a few of the trials that AMERICAN WEST has learned about: Nov. 12, 13: Porterville, Calif., Second Annual California State Driving Championship, Sheep. Nov. 12, 13: Elgin, Tex., American Bred Championship. Thanksgiving weekend: Ramer, Ala., Handlers' Association Championship Trials. December: Jachin, Ala., Southern Championship Trials. In 1984: Mar. 16–18: Tucson, Ariz., Stock Dog Classic sponsored by Southern Arizona International Livestock Association. Mar. 24, 25: Sacramento, Calif., Sheepdog Trials on the Polo Field at the State Fair Grounds.

PHOTO BY PAUL McHUGH

(Opposite) *Frank Sagehorn and his junior partners—Nick and Tam O'Shanter—prepare to move some cattle. These lean, muscular dogs are among the many McNab Shepherds, Border Collies, and crossbreeds earning their keep on ranches around the world herding cattle, sheep, and even caribou.* (Above) *Reg Griffin holds a recent addition to his company of Border Collies—reportedly the most popular breed of herd dog. Under Reg's sensitive tutelage, this pup will acquire that skill and courage, loyalty and agility needed to become a champion as well as a valued partner.*

Barney had followed those sheep into a jumbled-up, logged-over area, and he couldn't get them out very easy by himself. But he did, and then he brought 'em over to the last place where he had seen me. And held them there. For twenty-four hours. By the time I found him, he had those wild woolies *trained*. I mean, he had them bunched so tight you could've put 'em in a gunny sack. They knew better than to try and leave him at that point, even though he was lying down, taking a snooze when I rode up.

"Old Barney was also one of the finest bear-hunting dogs that ever hit the country. He lived sixteen years, and I was able to work him for thirteen of them. He was part Kelpie, and part McNab."

Barney was what some ranchers call a "super-dog," a strong and brainy dog who can both herd and hunt, and not mistake one operation for another—even when shifting from something like hunting wild boar to driving turkeys around a corral. A dog must have high awareness and great control to use its predatory powers with such ticklish distinction. Pursuit of dogs of ability led ranchers to mix strains without regard for classic concepts of breeding or pedigree; they just wanted dogs that would do the work. Even though founded on the Scottish Border Collie breed, the extended family known as McNab Shepherds involved strains from anonymous mongrels, Australian Shepherds, Kelpies, and even, interestingly enough, coyotes. Ranchers inviting their nemesis, the coyote, into the fold to milk him of his physical strengths and predatory wits is a process that harkens back to the dawn of domestication.

Some trainers disparage the effects of the coyote blood, others sing its praises. Herman Sagehorn, Charlie's seventy-two-year-old "younger brother" maintains that coyote genes helped the McNabs adapt to the terrain, giving them shorter coats, trimmer lines, tougher feet, and vastly improved stamina. Lu Rose, Claude's wife, and a formidable trainer in her own right, is adamant that the McNabs' working ability comes from their Border Collie background. Any coyote blood in working dogs, she maintains, is worse than useless until it is diluted to the point that it is nearly bred out.

Claude Rose probably has the last word on the subject: "Everyone thinks they have the best dogs," he confides. "That's the disease."

The question of how much wild blood is good in a dog is a tricky one, because it is shaped and domesticated wild behavior that gives a good dog his necessary force. Al Spotorno, a long-time sheep rancher and farmer in California's great Central Valley, says that this force is exactly what a trainer must come to grips with in order to be successful.

"Dogs get their herding instinct from the hunting instinct," Al says. "The difference between a coyote or wolf stalking prey and a shepherd dog penning sheep is not as great as most people might think.

"When wild dogs hunt in packs, there are 'leading' dogs and 'heeling' dogs. The lead dogs turn the running prey back, and the heeling dogs' job is to catch whatever they're going to have for dinner. Now what *you* do, as a man, is substitute *yourself* as head honcho of your dog's pack, assigning him to heeling and leading functions. That means he has to perform out of respect for you, a respect that must be established in the training. That's true of all of them, and yet, each dog is unique. You have to make an approach that's right for each one."

As a young man, Al did the best he could with the local Australian Shepherds (a presumed Border Collie outcross). But after he returned from overseas service in World War II, he found a new wellspring of dog talent in the "Purple Circle" around Sacramento.

The Purple Circle was an area noted for its blue-ribbon sheep, its pedigreed cattle, and championship lines of imported Border Collies. These Collies, black-and-white dogs averaging thirty-five pounds in weight, became distinct as a

Notes on Dog Training

Training is a complex subject because there is no one way to train a dog. Methods vary widely, depending on the personality and preference of the trainer and the personality of the dog. There are timid, sensitive dogs that can become extraordinarily intelligent workers if they are properly encouraged; the same dogs can have their spirits broken if the training is too harsh. There are bold dogs whose independence, force, and stamina can render them invaluable on the ranch; but they can become rebellious and unreliable if their power is not controlled. A wise handler can spot the qualities in a dog that he or she can work with, or pass along a pup with obvious talents that might be best raised by someone else.

Recognizable aspects of confirmation and behavior are said to surface in those first weeks, when the pup is still in the litter. Trainers look to the shape of a pup's skull and feet, watch the way the pup interacts with its littermates and with the people that come to visit, and sometimes gaze steadily into the puppy's eyes, gauging its level of spirit and intelligence by its subtle responses. A good early indication of ability is seen if the pup shows a desire to herd barnyard fowl, rather than simply trying to attack or play with them.

The pup is then taken from the litter at around the age of seven weeks in order to begin bonding to humans, and at that point begins to learn its name, basic orders to come and go, and "manners." At anywhere from six to nine months—again, depending on the dog and trainer—the dog begins to learn working sheep in a corral. A truly exceptional dog might start even earlier.

If the dog's destiny is to work pasture, corrals, and at trials, years may be spent—interspersed with working stints—learning specific maneuvers around fences, gates, and chutes. If the dog is meant primarily for the open range, some handlers say the sooner the dog is taken out on the range the better. Then, often, the pup is put briefly with an older working dog, not so much to learn from it, but so the older dog can quickly clean up any mistakes the pup might make with the flock. That reduces the need to chastise the pup very often and keeps its enthusiasm undimmed. In the beginning, shaping the predatory power of the dog might require judicious use of a switch or an electric shocking collar, but the idea is to bring the dog as quickly as possible to a state where the tone of the handler's voice conveys all necessary reward, warning, or reprimand.

But many trainers allude to a common principle—they try to bear in mind what it was like for them when they were children, and their own responses to the various ploys of adults who were trying to bring them up into the business of living. A vigorous dog started on such a regimen of training is said to keep on learning, and just get better and better, until the days come when it can no longer work.

COURTESY AL SPOTORNO

breed in the border area between Scotland and England perhaps two hundred years ago. Since that time, increasing attention has been paid to their breeding, with corresponding payoffs.

The first organized and recorded sheepdog trials (a demonstration where dogs show off herding skills on a formalized course) were held in Wales in 1873, and were won by a Scotsman with a Border Collie. Some Collies, like the ones that started the McNab line, had already been exported years before, but now their fame, and the dogs themselves, began to spread to all corners of the globe. In 1939 the first International Trials were held at the World's Fair in San Francisco; by then Border Collies were common in many states of the Union. The North American Sheepdog Association was formed, and began to compile extensive records of ancestry and to certify each registered dog's working abilities.

When Al Spotorno saw his first Border Collies perform in trials at Sacramento, he was awestruck. He wasted no time in acquiring some well-bred pups and beginning training. He soon became a true believer.

A pet theory among north coast ranchers is that their own McNab has more force than its parent Border Collie, and works better in the rugged hills, out of sight of its handler. Al Spotorno will have none of it. To such claims, he would respond with stories of dogs like Trig, one of his Border Collies.

"Trig could herd *anything*. He was a champion. He'd gather up several thousand sheep in half a day, working miles away from me, and I would bet you a steak dinner that

COURTESY AL SPOTORNO

(Opposite) *Al Spotorno's Trig herds these geese with keen attention and skills gained from years of training. Trig is one of those super working dogs who help hold down the ranch—swimming after geese if necessary and often spending the day on his own working great flocks of sheep.*
(Above) *Champion Moss shows the force of his "eye" in this encounter with a wayward sheep. The pride of Reg Griffin, Moss was Supreme North American Champion at the International Sheepdog Trials in Santa Rosa in 1968. Following signals from Griffin, Moss excelled in difficult routines like the "outrun" and "shedding."*

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ranch would be clean when he came in. If he didn't come in there'd be something wrong, and I'd go out and find him with a crippled sheep or something.

"He could work cattle, he could work geese by swimming after them right here in this pond! One time some geese were trying to drown this little baby duck, and he went in there and got that duck and carried it away in his mouth without even pulling out a feather.

AND DID HE HAVE FORCE, TOO! ONCE, WE HAD SOME pretty feisty cows from Tracy in a pasture with high feed," Al went on. "I left my pickup truck at one end of the field so I could walk across it and check on an irrigation ditch over on the other side. I told Trig to stay in the truck with my son Ken, who was just a little toddler at the time. As I was walking across, I passed a real young calf, bedded down in that tall grass. The mother was grazing nearby. She yanked her head up and stared at me, but I just kept going and she went back to feeding.

"When I reached the other side, I happened to look back, and I saw that Ken had gotten out of the truck and was following me. And he was heading *right* towards that baby calf. So I turned and saw this cow starting to smoke, she had begun running like a freight train right for my little boy! There was no time to do anything, I was too far away. And then I saw that dog Trig come leaping out of the truck and run like a shot, right for the cow. He jumped up and grabbed her by the nose, stopped her on a dime, and turned her back the other way. On his own! Without a command! And all so incredibly fast. It was great."

Al has a staunch belief that shepherd dogs should earn their keep on a ranch or farm; he has little respect for "mechanical dogs" that are used only to pursue glory in the trials. But that does not mean he avoided taking dogs that *did* earn their keep to these competitions. He was in the thick of the trials scene during their Central Valley heyday. He became president of the California Sheep Dog Society, competing and touring many times with Reg Griffin, a friend that Al calls the "dean emeritus" of the dog trainers of the Central Valley.

In the past, as they still do today, "trials" ranged from relatively small district competitions on up to events of international status. The district trials test any working dog on its ability to run sheep through gates and chutes and into a pen at a handler's signals. Internationals, limited to registered Border Collies with working papers, involve more complex maneuvers like the "outrun" (where the dog must drive sheep out of view of the handler), and "shedding" (where a dog must cut one or several out of a group of sheep, which is a fairly sophisticated move: dogs spend most of their lives learning how to pack sheep *into* groups).

During most maneuvers, the handler communicates to the dog by voice, hand signals, or whistles, and the dog applies driving force to the sheep through the power of its predatory presence. That power is exerted in a spectrum that ranges from its use of "eye" (a hard, mesmerizing stare), through movement and display of its body, all the way to the "grip" (when a dog will actually nip or bite a sheep without drawing blood). Obviously, the extent of a "grip" is a matter of great delicacy, but even the use of eye, which is a hallmark trait of Border Collies, can be excessive. Occasionally, a dog will fall into a kind of immobile trance, as hypnotized by the sheep as they are by him.

In search of a greater understanding of what is involved in the trials, I went to visit the reputed old master, Reg Griffin. Like the Border Collie adults and pups that throng around his cabin in Dixon, California, Reg hails from the Old Country. But Reg had to ride steerage across the Atlantic in 1923, go through Ellis Island with 5,000 other immigrants, and work his way across America in a variety of back-breaking tasks, until he arrived at Sacramento's Purple Circle and discovered the miracle of a sheep ranch where dogs did most of the work.

The first Border Collie he saw was Wee Roy, owned by a

COURTESY AL SPOTORNO

With a gesture of affection Alex Nicolson poses alongside Bruce—Far Western International Champion in 1940 and 1943. Over the years man and dog have developed a friendship out of a fair exchange. Sharing pride and respect, they form an admirable working team.

foreman named Swenson. Swenson showed off his dog to the greenhorn by having Wee Roy herd a rooster into a sack. It wasn't until later that Reg found out that a few sprinkles of corn had preceded the chicken into the bag. But it didn't matter; Reg was already hooked. Swenson showed him how to start a dog, and sold him one of Wee Roy's pups. That started Reg on his way.

In between stints as an itinerant sheep shearer, Reg Griffin bred, raised, trained, and worked Border Collies. The apotheosis of his career came the day his top dog, Moss, became Supreme North American Champion at the International Sheepdog Trials held in Santa Rosa, California, in 1968. To win, Reg had to face the formidable competition of Arthur Allen from Illinois, the most famed importer and breeder of Border Collies in the country. Allen had entered three dogs—including the Supreme Champion from the previous year.

"Reg's Moss," Al Spotorno remembers, "was a fast and powerful worker, and he had a strong eye. But Reg had a strong whistle, and he knew the exact moment to make his dog stop and mind. There's an important point on that first outrun, when the dog makes initial contact, that sets the mood and tempo of the work. If the dog zooms in close and fast and gets those sheep jittery, there's going to be hell to pay. But if he comes in strong but quiet, lets the sheep get a feel for him, and takes command without terrorizing them, then the points start coming his way.

"After Moss reached the age of four, he and Reg fell into a nice relationship where Moss actually began to enjoy the trials, and even got to be a bit of a ham about the whole thing. Moss was just unbeatable that last day at Santa Rosa. He won it fair and square."

WITH ONE GNARLED FINGER PUNCTUATING THE AIR as we sat drinking cups of strong black tea, Reg Griffin told me the inside story of his day of victory, which reveals how much a thing like mood can influence the outcome of the electric communion between man and dog, between dog and sheep.

"It was the night after the first day of the trials," Reg began. "We were in the lead coming out of the eliminations, and I was working Moss in a corral, trying to give him even more polish. This old friend of mine sat there on the fence, watching. 'Hey Griffin,' he said. 'Stop that, and come on to town with me.'

"Now, I was trying to put my finest edge on Moss, because I was only ahead a few points. Allen, and another man named Pulfer were both close, and I knew they might beat me the next day. I'd brought myself to the supreme moment of my dog-training years, and I was scared of losing it. But my friend kept telling me to stop practicing and go with him!

"Finally I went over and said, 'What do you want?' He told me, 'We're going to town to get a drink.' I said, 'The hell we are! I've got a trials tomorrow.' 'I know,' he said, 'that's why. Come on!' So he took me to town and bought me a drink and then several more, and soon I was starting not to worry so much about the trials. Suddenly, my friend grabbed my arm and said, 'Listen Griffin! I've got something to say. You may be points ahead right now, but you were screwing up out there today! You were so keyed-up, you were even throwing off your dog!'

"And I suddenly realized what he said was true. I had to be as cool and relaxed as I wanted that dog to be. So I got right up, went home, and put in a good night's sleep. The next day, I rose early and watched Allen and Pulfer arrive. We began to compete, and we were running about even until the 'shedding.' Allen and Pulfer used canes to help their dogs separate the sheep, but I didn't. I just looked at Moss and he looked back at me and I said 'Come!' and he split that flock just like a bullet. And I said 'Watch!' and he spun around and kept that flock separated with his eye.

"After I won, Allen came up and took me by the hand, and said the way Moss had run that day, no one could've beaten him. Allen was always a gentleman, whether he won or lost. But after that, I stopped entering dogs in trials. I just quit. I had gotten what I'd gone after, you see: for one year, I had the acknowledged best dog in North America."

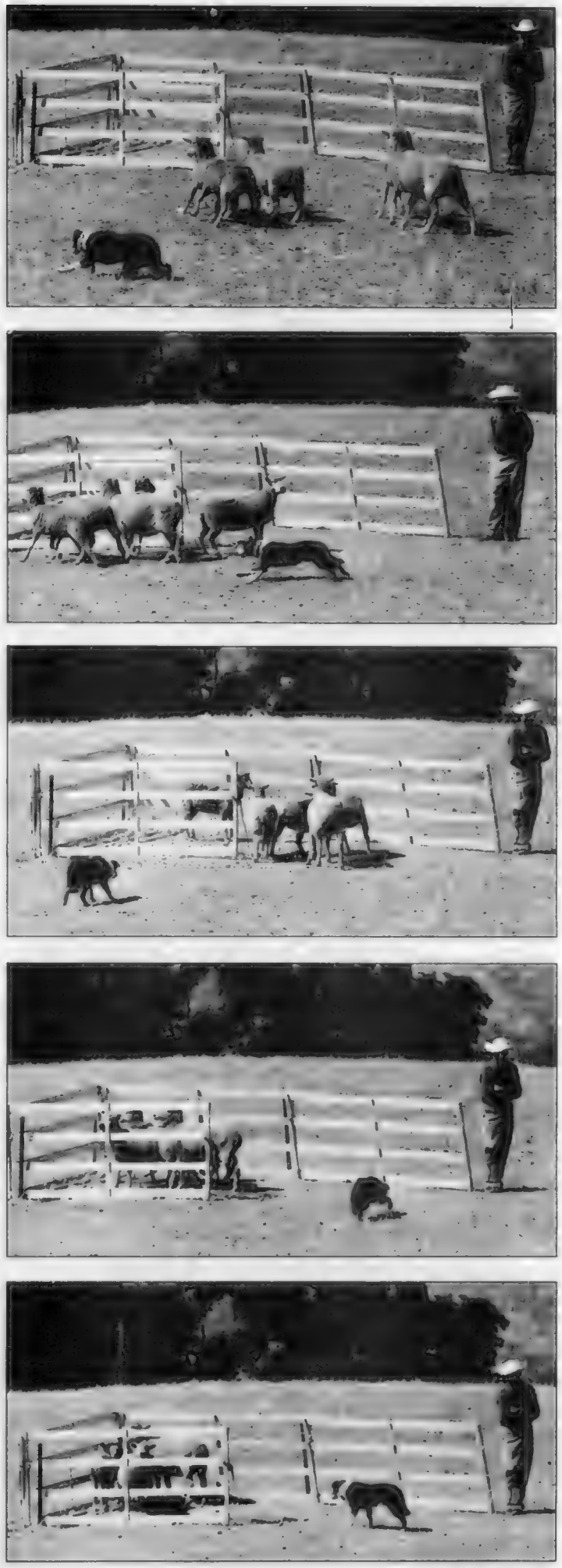
Of all the various types of herd dogs, numbering about forty, none is so widely sought as the Border Collie and that breed's outcrosses. These dogs, and their close cousins, are engaged in everything from herding caribou in Alaska to sheep in the Sonoran desert. Though many ranchers are fond of McNabs and other Collie-based breeds for work in the open range, the Collies themselves are increasingly popular wherever America's resurgent sheep populations are gathered, and Border Collies certainly predominate wherever trials are held.

Because certain strains are bred for local conditions, their appearance can vary widely, even among registered dogs. For this reason, the American Kennel Club has refused to recognize Border Collies as a breed. The breeders of Border Collies may have avoided a standardized "look," but they have also avoided the consequences of repetitive inbreeding, like the problems of hip dysplasia and mental retardation that plague many formal breeds that have looks, but not much use. Herdsmen prefer a more pragmatic definition of their breed: if they'll do the work, you've got good shepherd dogs; and if they won't, you don't. So far, Border Collies and their cousins have filled the bill, and many say they've gotten better, that some of the best dogs the world has ever seen are working right now.

Man has always been in love with the thought of communication with other species. That theme surfaces repeatedly in historic myths and fables, and even in modern ones. We have spent millions in efforts to communicate with dolphins, and even made attempts to contact entities in outer space. We've devised expensive fantasies of what the latter event might be like, usually with mechanical contraptions or muppets portraying the space beings.

But it's good to keep sight of the fact that we've actually been communicating quite well with one other species of real flesh and blood ever since we lived in caves. And today, we are still inheriting the long tradition of having these talented animals as boon companions and real working partners, as they share the dirt, toil, and rigorous joys of ranching life throughout the American West, and the world.

Paul McHugh *is a west coast, free-lance journalist, novelist, and filmmaker. "Return of the Desert Bighorn," a video documentary he wrote and directed, will air over PBS this fall. His research into herd dogs has produced a feature screenplay; and he is currently authoring a novel on the subject.*



Champion Moss really knows his moves. Here he demonstrates "the power of his predatory presence" while Reg Griffin stands by with folded arms. At local, regional, and international trials Moss has maneuvered sheep through gates, chutes, and into pens with only the help of subtle hand signals, monosyllabic voice commands, whistles, and sometimes nothing at all.

COURTESY PAUL McHUGH

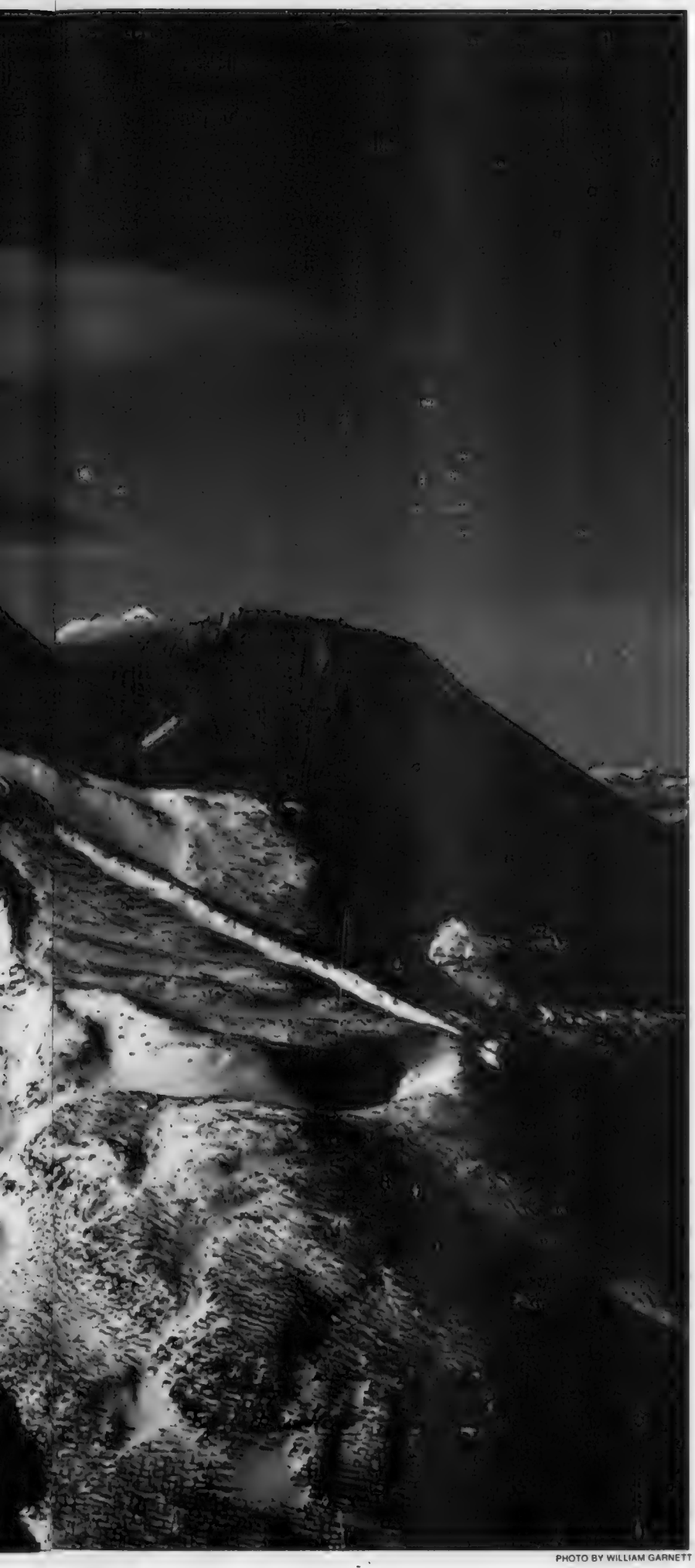


PHOTO BY WILLIAM GARNETT

Volcanic hazards in the West

Vulcan stokes his fires for future spectaculars

by Stephen L. Harris

IS THE PACIFIC COAST DESTINED FOR A NEW CYCLE OF volcanic activity? While scientists debate this question, some observers have concluded that the West may indeed be "heating up." Following its catastrophic 1980 eruptions, Washington state's Mount St. Helens continues to rumble and fume. Sporadic explosive bursts send plumes of gray ash high into the air, while thick tongues of glowing lava repeatedly ooze into its mile-wide crater.

A jagged lava dome 2,300 feet long and 700 feet high has grown inside St. Helens's shattered cone during the last three years, but, like its two predecessors, it could be blasted skyward at any time. This young and unpredictable volcano has had an exceptionally violent history. In the past it produced explosive eruptions of much greater power than that of 1980 and may do so again, perhaps within our lifetime.

An additional concern to historians of western volcanism is that St. Helens may not long remain alone in its twentieth-century reawakening. During St. Helens's last eruptive cycle (about 1800 to 1857), at least half a dozen other volcanoes in the Cascade Range, as if in sympathetic response, also blazed into life (see map).

One of these was ice-sheathed Mount Baker, which rises over 10,000 feet above the Strait of Juan de Fuca, fifteen and one-half miles from the Canadian boundary. It may be significant that Baker dramatically increased its emission of heat, steam, and sulphur only five years (almost to the day) before St. Helens emerged from its 123-year-long repose. In March 1975 Baker abruptly spawned a network of new steam vents (fumaroles), vigorously ejecting clouds of ash derived from old rock and producing a nauseating stench of hydrogen sulphide. A new meltwater lake quickly formed in the bowl-shaped crater, while a crater glacier disintegrated and

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A mysterious lady, concealing her crown behind a caressing cloud, Mt. Shasta rises splendidly from the northern California countryside. What is the future of this sleeping beauty—serene vigil or cataclysmic eruption bringing devastation to a large area?

sizzled "like an ice floe on a frying pan."

Earthquakes, announcing the movement of molten rock underground, have not yet accompanied Mount Baker's current thermal display. But this high, ice-sheathed volcano, a conspicuous landmark in northern Puget Sound, remains a likely source of future eruptions. Between 1792 and about 1880, eyewitnesses recorded a dozen or more separate outbursts. On several occasions during the 1840s and 1850s Baker erupted almost simultaneously with St. Helens. It is still too early to tell, but this glaciated composite cone may again join her tempestuous sister in a contemporary replay of their nineteenth-century pyrotechnics.

Although the Cascade volcanoes have produced all of the historic eruptions in the forty-eight adjacent states, geologists are presently most concerned about a volcanic threat farther south. Beginning in 1978, swarms of small earthquakes began near Mammoth Lakes, which lie on the east slope of the Sierra Nevada in central California. In 1980 shocks of unprecedented severity struck the region. In the span of only forty-eight hours, four quakes registered 6.0 on the Richter Scale, triggering massive rockfalls and landslides. Tremors of less magnitude continued into the summer of 1983, while new steam vents appeared near the Casa Diablo Hot Spring, located about a mile and one-half east of the epicenter of recent earthquakes. Even more ominous is the crustal bulge in nearby Long Valley that has grown about thirteen inches during the last two years. Such bulges in volcanic areas are typically caused by the upward migration of magma (gas-rich molten rock) as it forces its way through subterranean fractures toward the earth's surface.

The Mammoth Lakes earthquakes are regarded as particularly meaningful because the area lies near the site of one of the most cataclysmic eruptions ever to occur in North America. About 700,000 years ago enormous quantities of incandescent ash poured from circular fractures in the earth, overflowing in towering waves of seething lava fragments. Charged with hot gas, the magma frothed over the surrounding terrain at speeds exceeding 100 miles per hour, incinerating and burying everything in its path. So great was the volume of the pulverized hot ejecta and so high its velocity, that one arm of the flowing mass surmounted the steep eastern face of the Sierra Nevada—an obstacle thousands of feet above the erupting vents—and, overtopping the crest, rushed westward down the San Joaquin River drainage, perhaps as far as the Central Valley of California.

Another pulse of the giant ash flow traveled at least forty miles southward down the Owens Valley to the present site of Bishop. Altogether at least 580 square miles of central California and western Nevada were inundated by ash and

PHOTOS COURTESY UNITED STATES FOREST SERVICE

(Left) *Mount St. Helens in Washington state is shown "before"* (above) *and "after"* (below) *the major eruption in 1980. Taken by NASA at a height of 60,000 feet with infrared film, these photographs show living vegetation in red and dead vegetation in purple. In the "after" photograph, the area covered by the blast and mudflow can be seen. Considered the largest landslide in recorded history, St. Helens's 1980 avalanches contained enough debris to bury the Portland, Oregon, metropolitan area under 400 feet of volcanic rubble. See Inset A.*

(Opposite) *Our map shows major volcanic areas in the Western states. Vulcan has not finished his work here, as there is potential for a major eruption in any of these regions. Although the Cascade Range has produced all the historic eruptions in the area drawn, geologists are concerned the most about a volcanic threat in the Mammoth Lakes–Long Valley region in central California. Severe earthquakes and a growing crustal bulge suggest that major volcanic activity might be brewing there. See Inset B.*

pumice, a light-colored volcanic rock so porous it floats. Fallout from turbulent dust clouds generated by the ash flows darkened skies over most of the western states, leaving a recognizable ash layer as far away as central Nebraska. So much molten rock was disgorged from the volcano's underground feeding chamber that its roof collapsed, causing the overlying section of the earth's crust to subside thousands of feet and creating a huge oval depression—eleven by eighteen miles—called the Long Valley Caldera.

The volume of new material ejected during the Long Valley eruptions is phenomenal—140 cubic miles, enough to build three or four mountains the size of Mount Hood, Oregon's loftiest peak at 11,245 feet. The Long Valley ejecta also dwarfs the quantity of fresh rock—about 0.3 of a cubic mile—erupted by Mount St. Helens in 1980. A more vivid comparison may include the additional 0.6 cubic mile of old rock that avalanched from St. Helens's north side at the onset of the 1980 eruption. The largest landslide in recorded history, the St. Helens avalanches contained enough debris to bury the entire Portland, Oregon, metropolitan area under 400 feet of volcanic rubble, deep enough to submerge forty-story skyscrapers. The Long Valley debacle produced a rock volume sufficient to entomb at least 235 cities the size of Portland!

If the present earthquakes, ground swelling, and steam emissions that now disturb the Mammoth Lakes region should culminate in an eruption as great as that which formed the Long Valley Caldera, it would create havoc on an almost

POTENTIAL VOLCANIC ACTIVITY IN THE WEST

DRAWN FOR AMERICAN WEST BY ELIZABETH WOLF

unimaginable scale.

According to Dr. C. Dan Miller and his colleagues with the United States Geological Survey, a similar eruption today could deposit an ash layer fifty inches thick seventy-five miles away, sixteen inches at a distance of 125 miles, and six inches 300 miles from the source vents. Destruction would be virtually complete within a radius of seventy-five miles of the volcano. Verdant Yosemite National Park, lying immediately west of Mammoth Lakes, could be reduced to a wasteland. In such an event, few parts of the American West could hope to escape unscathed. Fortunately geologists familiar with the area's volcanic history do not expect an imminent reenactment of the Long Valley paroxysm, certainly not without unmistakable warning signals. Instead, if magma does reach the surface in the near future, it is likely to produce eruptions of a much milder variety, similar to the many medium-sized outbursts that occurred here during the past few thousand years.

DRAWN FOR AMERICAN WEST BY ELIZABETH WOLF

Grotesquely barren formations erected during these geologically recent eruptions are clearly visible from Highway 395 southward from Mono Lake, which lies a few miles north of Long Valley. At least thirty times during the last 2,000 years new vents have yawned, spewing lava and ash and building a ragged chain of cones, craters, and lava domes from the center of saline Mono Lake almost to Mammoth Lakes, just inside the south rim of the Long Valley Caldera. The latest ash eruptions took place less than 400 years ago, while a spectacular steam explosion occurred along the shores of Mono Lake as late as 1890.

Even if the presently anticipated eruption emits only a "moderate" quantity of ash (0.25 of a cubic mile), the opening salvos may be impressively violent. Not only do gases dissolved in the magma escape with tremendous force when they reach the surface, but the rising magma commonly encounters groundwater, which flashes into steam, triggering explosions that can propel billowing mushroom clouds miles into the stratosphere.

According to one Geological Survey calculation, a moderate-volume eruption today could create an ashfall eight inches thick twenty miles downwind, and as much as two inches thick fifty miles away from the volcano. Depending on location of the crater, wind direction, and the quantity of rock debris emitted, towns like Bridgeport, Lee Vining, Mammoth Lakes or other settlements along or near Highway 395 could be endangered.

The final stages of a typical outburst in the Mono Lake–Long Valley region are comparatively quiet. Tongues of degassed rhyolitic lava are commonly squeezed out of the vent, like toothpaste from a tube. Too stiff and putty-like to flow far, the lava forms a steep-sided lava dome of glistening black volcanic glass called obsidian.

POISED AS IT NOW SEEMS FOR RENEWED ACTIVITY, THE Mammoth and Mono Lake region is but one of many potentially dangerous volcanic fields scattered across the American West. From Yellowstone National Park, site of

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(Left) *At last report, Mount St. Helens was fuming like an angry goddess. When you visit this giant on weekdays, you must approach from the north, turning south off Washington state highway #12 at Randle onto Forest Service road #25. The two arms of state highway #503, entering the area from the south, are closed to visitors Monday through Friday until 5:00* P.M. *due to heavy traffic by logging trucks. In case of emergency, use evacuation routes via state highways #503 and #504. (Caution: radar speed trap at Randle.)*

(Opposite) *In Lassen National Park (northern California) the 500-year-old Cinder Cone gives bleak evidence of volcanic explosions. This pile of charcoal-gray ash has the potential for future fireworks. (See other beautiful photos by master photographer William Garnett in his* The Extraordinary Landscape: Aerial Photographs of America, *published by New York Graphic Society, 1982.)*

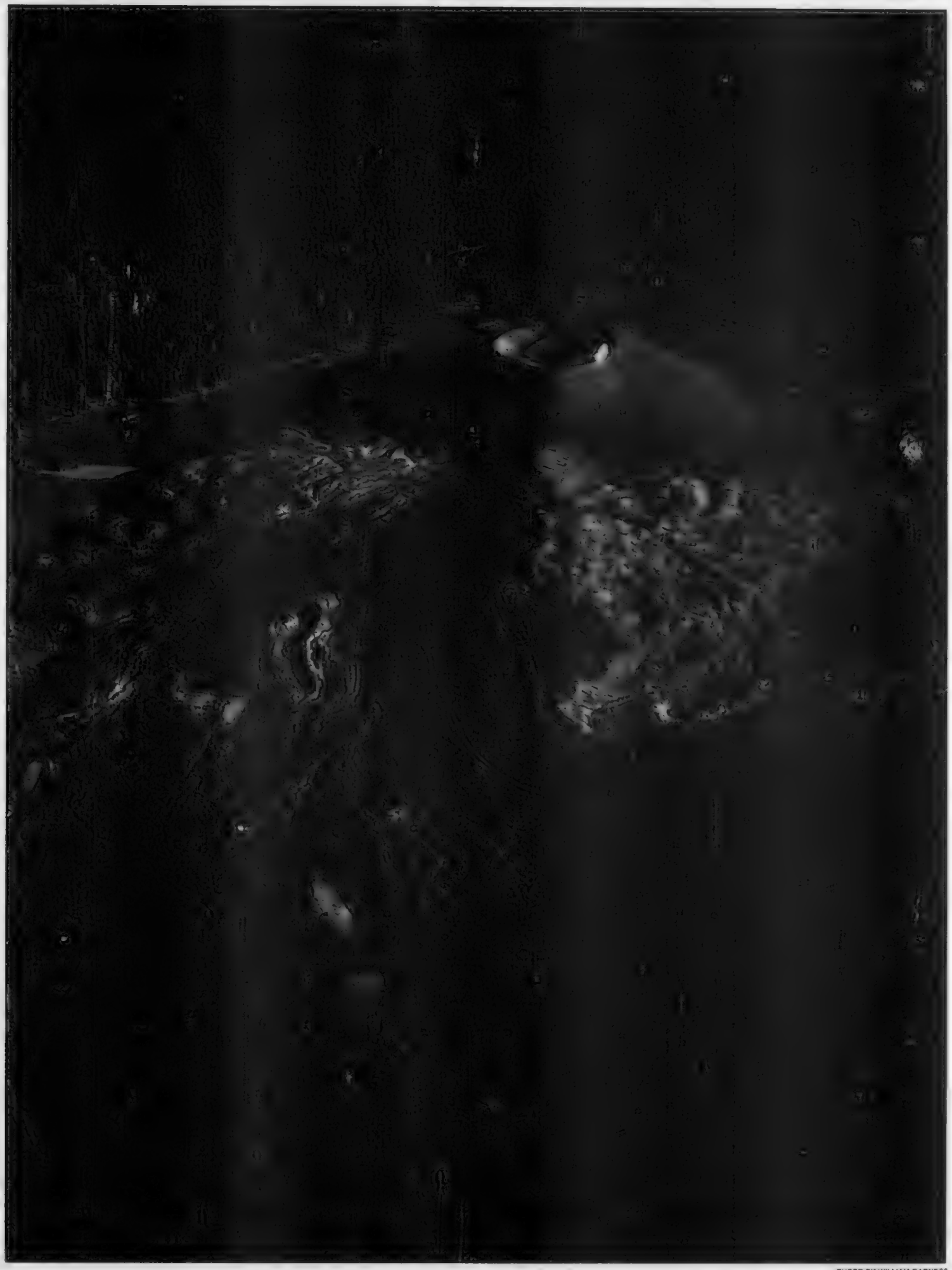
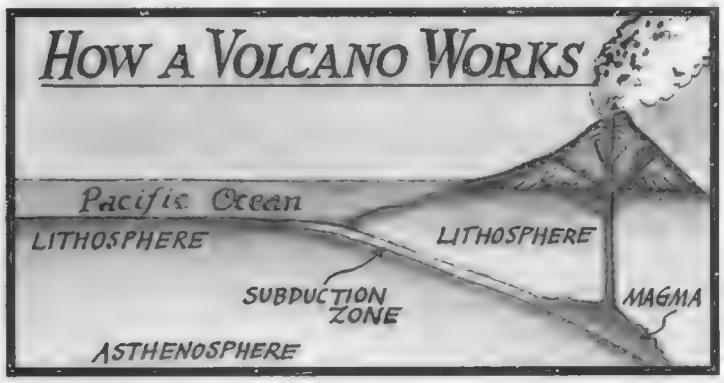
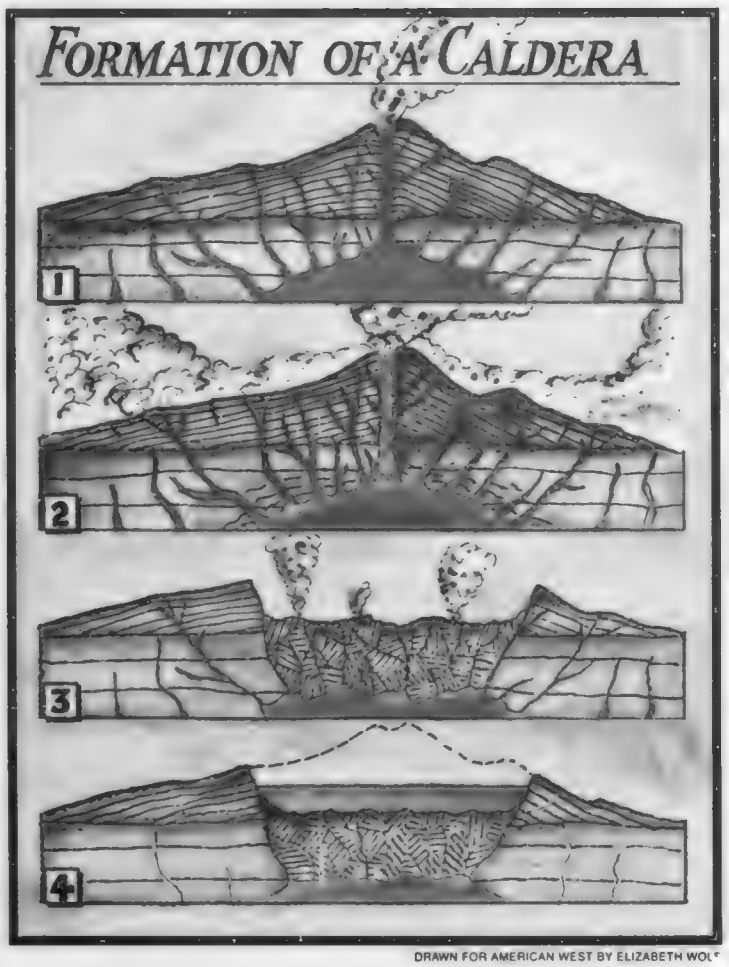


PHOTO BY WILLIAM GARNETT

titanic blasts similar to those that created the Long Valley Caldera, to Idaho's spectacularly bleak Craters of the Moon, the West abounds in Vulcan's handiwork. The old Roman god of fire and the forge is far from finished with the Western landscape, much of which is still in the throes of creation.

The most physically imposing monument to Vulcan's art is the procession of stately, glacier-crowned volcanoes that punctuates the Cascade Range from northern California, through Oregon and Washington, to southwestern Canada. Paralleling the Pacific coast for approximately 700 miles, the Cascades are a link in the "Ring of Fire"—a chain of active volcanoes that encircles the Pacific Ocean. According to the theory of plate tectonics, a section of the Pacific Ocean floor (known as the Juan de Fuca plate) is slowly being thrust under the westward-drifting North American continent, where it sinks into the earth's upper mantle and is at least partly remelted. The pockets of molten rock thus created supply the subterranean feeding chambers of the Pacific rim volcanoes.





DRAWN FOR AMERICAN WEST BY ELIZABETH WOLF

By official count there are some 2,800 volcanoes in the Cascades, but it is the fifteen or so huge composite cones that give the range its distinctive character. Built of alternating lava flows and layers of fragmental rock, Mounts Rainier, Hood, Adams, Baker, Shasta and their fellows are the highest free-standing landforms in the conterminous states. Created by Vulcan's metaphoric fires and carved by glacial ice, these rugged giants tower as high as two miles above lesser mountains at their feet.

Each of the three most distinctive volcanoes—Mount Rainier, Lassen Peak, and Mount Mazama (Crater Lake)—is the central feature of a national park. And each represents a particular kind of volcanic hazard.

Before being upstaged by Mount St. Helens, California's Lassen Peak (10,457 feet) was widely publicized as the most recently active fire-mountain in the continental United States. Awakening in May 1914 Lassen generated at least 170 explosive eruptions during its first year out of retirement. The climax came on May 22, 1915, when an immense ash column—bearing a sinister resemblance to an atomic mushroom—shot an estimated seven miles into the air, showering fine grit over Nevada communities 200 miles to the east. Simultaneously a horizontal "hot blast" swept down the volcano's northeast flank, toppling a forest and scouring the ground clean in places for a distance of approximately four and one-half miles from the summit.

Lassen, which also produced a lava flow and several devastating mudflows (rock debris mobilized by rainwater or melting snow and ice), remained intermittently active until 1921. Today, except for wisps of steam leaking from summit crevices, Lassen has relapsed into total slumber. Despite the main peak's temporary quiescence, Lassen National Park is rich in potential activity. Nearby Cinder Cone, an exquisitely symmetrical pile of charcoal-gray ash surrounded by seven blocky-surfaced lava flows, has erupted several times since its birth about 400–500 years ago. In 1850–51 the brilliant glow from its crater dazzled prospectors and miners camped over a hundred miles away.

Just north of Lassen the Chaos Crags rear their ragged heads. A line of lava domes, the Crags formed about 1,100 years ago when pasty masses of dacite magma, too viscous to spread out, piled up as mushroom-shaped caps above their vents. The north dome, which was still steaming in the 1850s, is the source of Chaos Jumbles, a two and one-half

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(Above) *According to the theory of plate tectonics, a section of the Pacific Ocean floor (the Juan de Fuca plate) is slowly being thrust under the North American continent, where it sinks into the earth's upper mantle and is at least partly remelted. This molten rock supplies the feeding chambers of the Pacific rim volcanoes.* (Below) *When volcanic explosions disgorge extraordinary amounts of molten rock from the underground feeding chambers, the roof of the volcano collapses, creating a huge depression or caldera.*

PHOTO BY WILLIAM GARNETT

Loftiest of these Western volcanoes, Mt. Rainier flaunts her two, ice-covered, overlapping summit craters in Washington's Cascades. Potentially dangerous, Rainier continues to emit smoke and steam. Five ice climbers descend on the left, leaving a trail across the crater.

square-mile avalanche deposit of angular blocks and other rock debris. Because similar avalanches, triggered by an earthquake or steam explosion, could sweep over the area without warning, the Park's visitor center, lodges, and museum, formerly located on the Jumbles, have been closed and the site declared a volcanic hazard zone.

More than 400 miles north of Lassen stands Mount Rainier (14,410 feet), loftiest and grandest of the western volcanoes. Because it supports the nation's largest glacier system south of Alaska and sits high astride a complex of steep ridges and deep canyons, Rainier poses serious threats of flooding and mudflows to settlements downstream or downvalley from its ice-locked bulk.

Hot rock ejected onto glaciers or snowfields can generate large volumes of meltwater that, mixing with freshly erupted material, forms mudflows that travel swiftly downslope, devastating and burying valley floors for a distance of many miles. The chief authority on Rainier's volcanic history, Dwight R. Crandell of the United States Geologic Survey, has found that during the last few thousand years scores of large-volume mudflows have raced down Rainier's precipitous flanks. Some were of cataclysmic proportions and inundated sites in the Puget Sound Lowland where 60,000 people now live.

The most destructive of Rainier's post–Ice Age eruptions occurred about 5,700 years ago, when explosions undermined the volcano's former summit, triggering an enormous avalanche of rock that had been previously chemically altered by heat and gas emission. Transformed into a colossal mudflow several hundred feet deep, the mass swept sixty-five miles down the White River valley to overwhelm 125 square miles beyond the Cascade mountain front. Active on one or more occasions between 1820 and 1854, Mount Rainier continues to emit heat and steam from its two overlapping summit craters. Future eruptions—of unpredictable size and consequence to the human environment—are inevitable.

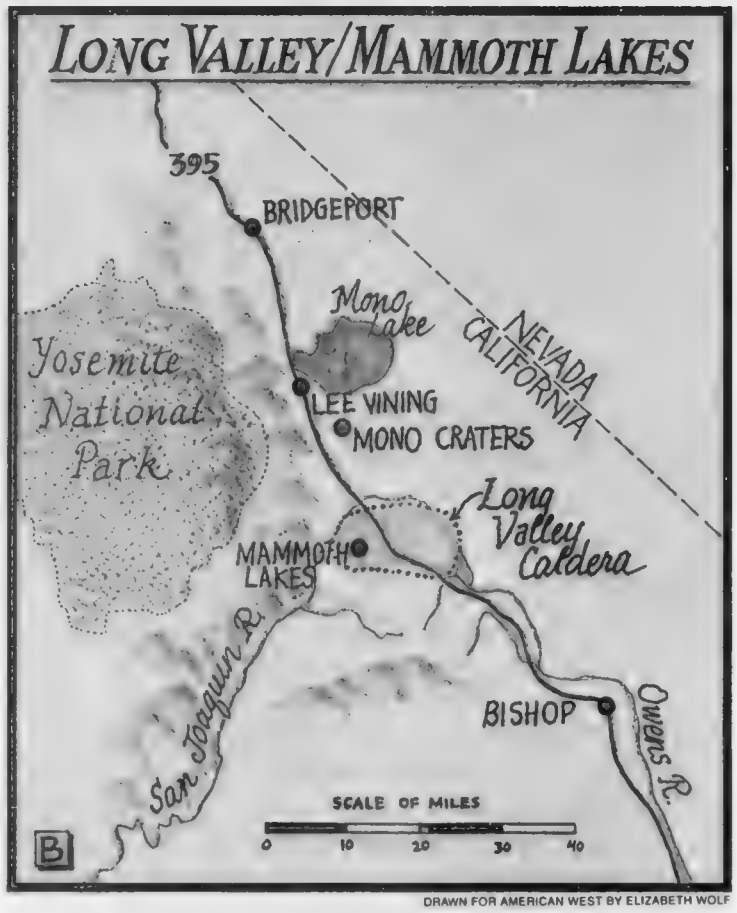
Geologists believe that the most devastating kind of eruption likely to occur in the Cascades will be similar to the one that formed Crater Lake about 6,800 years ago. Now a national park of forested tranquility and incomparable scenic beauty, Crater Lake was formerly the site of a towering volcanic structure—Mount Mazama—that once dominated the skyline of southern Oregon. As Charles Bacon, a young

U.S.G.S. scientist currently studying Mazama's biography, has discovered, Mount Mazama was never a simple symmetrical cone like many of its Cascade counterparts. Instead, although it may have attained a height of almost 12,000 feet, Mazama was an irregular cluster of overlapping composite cones of different sizes and ages. Except for Mount Scott (8,926 feet), the highest point in the park, only splintered remnants of these cones now survive along the lake rim.

MAZAMA'S DOOM CAME ABOUT 4800 B.C. IN AN AWE-somely violent eruption. Earth-shaking explosions discharged as much as forty cubic miles of pumice, most of it blown high into the stratosphere. High-altitude winds carried the Mazama ash around the world, leaving identifiable ash deposits over more than 500,000 square miles, as far south as California and central Nevada and as far northeast as Saskatchewan. The rapid evacuation of so much magma from beneath Mazama withdrew support from the volcano, causing the mountain to fracture and subside. As Mazama collapsed inward, vast waves of searing gas and incandescent pumice rushed down its slopes, traveling as far as thirty-five or forty miles from their source. Spreading in all directions from the volcano, these hot avalanches transformed the green countryside into a smoking desert.

When the dust finally cleared, surviving Indians must have rubbed their eyes in amazement. Mount Mazama had disappeared. In its place was a vast collapse pit, a caldera five by six miles and nearly 4,000 feet deep. Gradually this depression filled with water, forming the deepest and bluest lake in North America, encircled by multi-hued lava cliffs almost 2,000 feet high. The latest eruptions built Wizard Island, a chocolate-cupcake of a cinder cone near the western rim. Two smaller cones lie submerged beneath the lake's indigo waters. If such a climactic, caldera-forming eruption should occur today at Rainier, Baker, Hood, Shasta or any other composite volcano near major population centers, it would create a regional disaster. Depending on wind direction and distance from the volcano, the property and lives of tens to hundreds of thousands of people could be severely affected.

Of the many different kinds of volcanic eruptions that have radically altered the face of the West during recent geologic time, *basaltic floods* are among the most far-reaching in their effects. They constructed the high lava plains of eastern Washington, Oregon, northeastern California, and parts of



DRAWN FOR AMERICAN WEST BY ELIZABETH WOLF

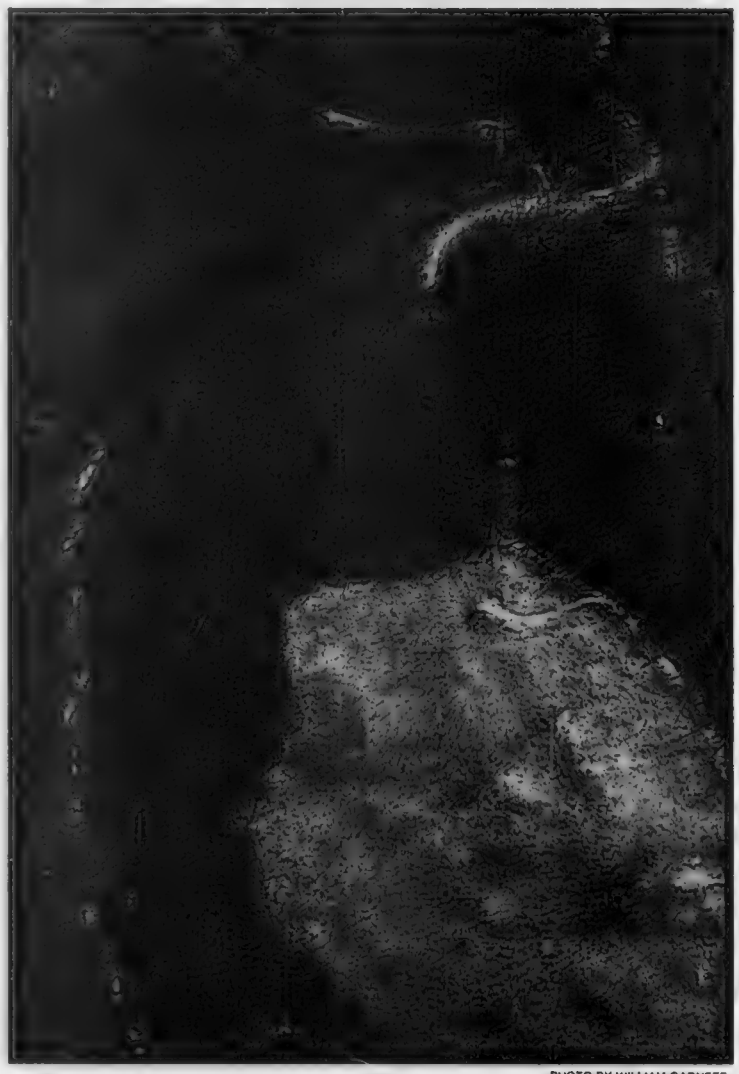


PHOTO BY WILLIAM GARNETT

(Above) *The Mammoth Lakes--Long Valley area, in the Sierra Nevada of central California, presents the greatest threat of volcanic activity in the lower forty-eight states. However, geologists expect that warning signs would precede any significant eruptions.*

(Below) *Less than a month and one-half after Mount St. Helens blew her top on May 18, 1980, this aerial photograph was taken fifteen miles from the volcano. Dead trees and a giant mudslide reveal the destructive force at this distance from the eruption.*

Idaho. Beginning in Mid-Miocene time about fifteen or sixteen million years ago, long cracks or fissures opened throughout the region. Vast quantities of molten basalt poured forth, while escaping gases carried fountains of liquid rock high into the air, forming "curtains of fire" similar to those that occur today at Mauna Loa and Kilauea on the island of Hawaii. Fluid streams of basalt spread out in relatively thin sheets over great distances and eventually buried the pre-eruption topography of timbered hills and valleys to a maximum depth of about 3,000 feet. The result is a treeless, monotonously horizontal landscape extending over 150,000 square miles.

The Columbia River Plateau was built during Miocene time, but the adjoining Snake River plains were formed much later, during the past two or three million years. The last floods of basaltic lava took place only about 2,000 years ago, at Idaho's Craters of the Moon along the Snake plain's eastern margin. These late eruptions formed chains of cinder cones as well as lava flows ten to twenty-eight miles long. Similar large-volume effusions of liquid rock can be expected in the future.

The most appalling kind of future volcanic activity, however, is not a Mazama-like paroxysm from one of the sleeping Cascade giants, nor even the rapid extrusion of immense sheets of basaltic lava over the arid interior of the Pacific Northwest, disastrous as they would surely be for people living inside the affected area. The worst possible scenario would involve a repetition of the colossal hot-ash eruptions that accompanied formation of the great calderas that still pockmark sections of Nevada, California, Colorado, Idaho, Wyoming, and New Mexico.

These natural holocausts were not produced by large, high-standing, composite volcanoes like Mount Mazama or Mount Shasta. The previously existing topography was probably marked only by clusters of relatively small but highly silicic volcanic cones and domes closely resembling those seen today near Mono and Mammoth lakes. The great caldera-forming eruptions were the result of vast subterranean intrusions of rhyolitic magma (which has the same chemical composition as granite) that broke through the surface, with cataclysmic effects. The collapse depressions resulting from rhyolitic ash-flow eruptions are so large that their true nature and dimensions can be appreciated only from the air. The Valles Caldera in the Jemez Mountains of New Mexico measures twelve by fifteen miles. Creede Caldera in the central San Juan Mountains of Colorado is about fourteen miles in diameter. Nevada's Timber Mountain Caldera is even larger —about eighteen miles wide and twenty miles long. But the vast depression formed in the Rockies after an estimated 250 cubic miles of ash were expelled across the central and western United States—and which now cradles the 800 geysers and hot springs of Yellowstone National Park—measures a formidable thirty by fifty miles.

The Yellowstone region has produced three major cycles of ash-flow eruptions spaced about 600,000 years apart. Because approximately 600,000 years have now elapsed since the last great caldera-forming blast, one might conclude that we are about due for a comparable event. Recent surveys show that the central portion of Yellowstone Park has arched upward about two feet in the last fifty years, indicating a subsurface injection of magma. Geologists are not unduly worried about the prospect, however, pointing out that such paroxysms are fortunately rare and would not occur without unmistakable warning, including earthquakes, increased tectonic uplift, and accelerated geyser and steam-vent activity.

Some of these danger signals are now evident in the Mammoth Lakes–Long Valley area. It is possible that the magma now apparently rising upward will never reach the surface, but solidify in position. If magma does create a surface eruption, most geologists are relatively confident that it will be of small-to-moderate volume, probably no larger than St. Helens's 1980 outburst. That "medium-sized" event in a largely unpopulated area killed sixty people and decimated 150 square miles of forest.

Considering the geologic youth of the Cascades and other western volcanoes, eruptions will probably occur in the foreseeable future. Given enough time, some volcanoes will produce eruptions as large or larger than the one that destroyed ancient Mount Mazama. But the West abounds in evidence of even greater violence—apocalyptic explosions that rained fire over most of North America, causing wholesale annihilation of plant and animal populations where millions of people now live. Are such cataclysms only phenomena of the past, or do we unknowingly await a volcanic Armageddon?

We can take comfort from geologic odds that are overwhelmingly against such an event occurring during this generation. Our descendants can only hope that their luck, too, will hold.

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Stephen L. Harris *is the author of* Fire and Ice: The Cascade Volcanoes *and teaches a course on volcanoes in the Geology Department at California State University, Sacramento.*

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Letters from a Quaker woman

Tribulations and fortitude on the Oregon Trail

Introduced and edited by Kenneth L. Holmes

The key word is "poignant" when describing the letters that follow.

As a fifteen-year-old girl, Rachel Joy emigrated with her parents, Reuben and Rachel Joy, from Henry County, Indiana, to the budding Quaker community of Salem, Iowa, in 1837. In 1841, she and John H. Fisher were married. Over the next four years Rachel gave birth to four children, three of whom died before the close of 1846.

John and Rachel Fisher started over the plains to Oregon in the spring of 1847 in a wagon train led by Henderson Luelling, a close family friend. The Fishers' two-year-old daughter, Angelina, was in excellent health. The two letters published here were written by Rachel on the westward trail, telling of the deaths of John and then of little Angelina.

Rachel Fisher traveled on, aided by other members of the wagon train. Upon reaching Oregon, she decided to settle in the Tualatin Valley (present Washington County). There Rachel met William A. Mills, a young farmer who had just attained the age of twenty-one. They were married in March of 1848. William was described by a contemporary much later in life as follows:

> *To quote his own words, he was "born in Tennessee, but was raised on the road, with little opportunity for education, having attended school but five months." Hence we have before us the unfolding of a self-educated and self-made life, which is always interesting to a student of human nature. (H. K. Hines,* An Illustrated History of the State of Oregon [Chicago, 1893], page 280)

This marriage, too, suffered from tragedy as the Oregon Statesman *of Salem, Oregon, reported on September 13, 1851, that there had died "on the 14th inst., of croup, Rachel, daughter of Wm. A. and Rachel Mills, aged two years and six months." There was a second child, a baby boy, John Milton, born February 18, 1851. There would follow Mary Ellen, born December 9, 1853; Laura Alice, born November 8, 1854; Elva Jane, born January 20, 1856, and Albert, born April 13, 1861. Each of these lived on to a fairly ripe age.*

A devout Quaker all her life, Rachel was quite lonely. Though there were individual Quaker neighbors in Oregon, there were no meetings as yet. In her letters Rachel used the Quaker method of dating. This numerical way of recording dates was adopted because Quakers simply would not use the designations of days and months derived from names of pagan gods such as Woden, Thor, Janus, and Mars. Occasionally there strays into her letters a "thee" or "thou."

Rachel Mills died on the eleventh of December, 1869, at her home in Tualatin Valley. The third item published below, another letter, is an obituary written on March 19, 1870, by Edward Luelling, a dear friend, and son of Henderson and Elizabeth Luelling. It was sent to the editor of the Willamette Farmer, *of Salem, Oregon, an early agricultural newspaper.*

The two "Rachel letters," as we have come to call them, are printed with the permission of George Joy of Hays, Kansas, administrator of the estate of Mrs. Rossie Stackhouse. Other information has been supplied by Miss Rhoda Mills, Portland, Oregon. We have had the use of information on births, marriages, and deaths researched and worked out in great detail by Mrs. Frances Fuller Meltebeke, of Springfield, Oregon.

LETTER I

Sixty miles from Fort Larima [Laramie] 7th mo 2th 1847
Dear parents I will again endeaver to prepare A letter for you not withstanding the anguish and bitter mourning it exites when I recall the past think of the present and imagine the future. John still continued sick some times better and then worse untill the 7th of 6th mo he appear worse and the 5th the com[pany] stoped before night for he still grew worse. 6th I had to bid him farwell and see him breathe the last breath of Earthly Life without A strugle or groan. appearing to fall into a sweet sleep of eternity. he did not appear to have a recollection of things as they pass for something over a week before his death but had at the same time had his right reason of what pass before. he appear to have some knowledge of his death but could not talk much he had become so much affected in his nerves. the place were we left him was nine miles from whare we had come to platt river close to the road side by a small grove. I thought of returning but I had no one to take me back and I could not see how I could do better than to go on. I have fared as well as I could have expected. I have laid with Rachel Hockette in their waggon and cooked by their fire since I was left. Thomas Hockette has drove for me mostly. since we passed the Fort I got Th. Williba [Wilbur?] to drive for me through if I do not with an opportunity turning back.

This portrait of Quaker woman Rachel Fisher Mills was taken after she had settled in Oregon, having survived the hardships of the trail in a move from Iowa in 1847. Her gentle face reflects the strength and serious determination needed by pioneer women of her time.

COURTESY RHODA I MILLS

We are in company with 19 waggons. Luellings are behind. we are stopt to day for the cattle to rest. their is good feed and water here but it is the first grass since we come to the [?] Yes my cattle all stand the journey well have not lost any. have had better roads than expected some verry hilly and rough not much warm wether and no rain of consequence since the 6th of 6 mo considerable before then mostly at night. we have not laid by but one day. on the account of high water which was the ten of 6th mo it is a somewhat memmerable day to com [pany]. soon as the men got their breakfast some went a hu[n]ting and some at one thing some another and the first we knew there was about 40 Indians runing past the campt trying to take the horses all the men that was in campt took after them

they men soon all come back except four that had gone a hunting and three that took horses and went to try to rescue the others Indians went over the bluff found two of the men[,] T Hockette and J. M Robison[,] took guns and all their clothing except boots and hats. found the other two men did not take any thing but their shot pouches all come up in time for dinner. We have not seen any pawnee Indians since. We got to Fort Larima yesterday was a week ago, it being first day the Indians came out and meet they expect gifts the Oregon fellows has now passed by us will not pas us we send our letters after them—7th mo 5th 1847

your affectionate daughter
Rachel Fisher

my little daughter & myself is in good health at this time

7th mo 5th 1847

I have just closed my letter in a hurry.

But two more Oregon men has come up will wait a few minutes I want you to come if you can and as son [soon] as you can for no doubt but I shal feel my self verry lonesome I began to say something about the Sous [Sioux] They complain that the Buffaloes has all left from near the road they have to go 30 miles for their subsistence there fore they Expect a Smal contribution from each co[mpany] of the emegrants but they are verry thakfull of the smalest gift but yet they are Friendly & Beggarly and thieveish they have stelen several horses in our knowlede Their women are generally neatly dressed in their way there are about 50 white looking men but call them selves French men about the fort

from your daughter Rachel Fisher

and now a few lines to John Lewelling I want him to settle all our business that was in trusted with him a cording to law I want him to let Stepehn Frazier have the amount of a note of 35 dollars that is due us from John Rader for the purpose of fixing him to move if he wishes if the[e] can make thy self safe

Rachel W. Fisher

LETTER II

Oregon Teritory Tuality County 3th mo. 13th 1848 Much respected Parents & often thought of Brothers & Sisters I again sit down to write to you to let you know something of me I arived at Portland on the willamet river 13 miles below Oregon City about the 15 of 11 mo. making 7 mo. from the time I started untill I arived at A place to stop, near two months of which I spent getting down the Columbia river. you may imagine some thing of my feeling since I left you, but you can only imagine. you may think I had seen trouble before but my trouble in Iowa was nothing to what I have experienced since I left there being deprived of one of the two objects which I held more dear then any other earthly object, on the Plat river I then thought that little Angeline

was more dear to me then any thing ever had been she being the last one of my family. but alas the day was soon to come when I should see her to laid in her silent grave. I wrote to you since her death but thinking it uncertain as to you getting it, I will give you some account of her sickness & death I discovered her sickness the 11th of 8th mo. she appeared well and very playful in the morning, when we stoped to eat dinner she was lame but still was very playful & eat her dinner apparently about as usual. soon after eating she became feverish which increased very rapidly her lameness (which we soon found to be in her thigh just above the knee) became very painful, getting worse through the night the following morning she commenced having fits and died about noon. the disease seemed strange but It was not more so then It was distressing. A mortification appeared to take place before her death. You may judge of my lonely situation and render more lonely by my driver being drown on the third day of the week following. (he was drowned in Snake river 3 or 4 days travel before we came to the first crossing by attempting to swim over to the other side to A spring which he wished to see, it appearing to be quite A curiosity he only got about half way across) his name was I M Robison.

I was taken sick soon after crossing Snake river & was about six weeks not able to do my work I have been midling well since I recovered though not well as I was be fore

I stoped at Portland near a month after I got there but my cattle were not doing well where they were & hearing that the range was better on the plains I concluded to move out there and winter at Isaac Mills. (A brotherinlaw to William Lech of Economy) Enos T. Mendenhall was teaching school at Mills & I commensed attending school the 20th of 12th mo. & continued on to the 18 of 2 mo. I went nearly half way though Smiths Arithmetic. But Enos & myself both taking up another subject to consider[,] the school was stop & the second day of the third month we both joined hand in wedlock—I with William A. Mills[,] Isaac youngest son, aged 22 years, & Enos to A sister age 16 years William & I are living at his Father in A house to ourseves. we have some prospect of going up the Willamet this fall but we do not know whether we will or not it is so unhandy to market

I must now leave you to conjecture the cause of my changing my way of liveing, And tell you something else. Health appears to be good on the plains people look well and there appears to be but little use for grave yard At Portland (which is 24 miles from here) they have the ague some, but the second person was buried there while I was stoped there that had ever died neer the place & that person was an emigrant there has been A great many deaths on the road this season & still more among the emigrant after they stoped on the Columbia river & Willamet I have knew as many as 3 or 4 deaths in different families those that got to the [Tualatin] plains fared better generally I was at Oregon City soon after I came down the river I staid with Abrilla Trimble while there she was midling well & in midling good spirits. she told me that she had never felt satisfied in her mind since the news came to her that Edward was on the road coming on before that that she had no doubts be what he was killed out of his misery. since that she has learned things about the circumstace that she had not learned before I think from the best that I learn that he was wounded and dragged himself away and suffered to death

Oregon City appears to be quite A flourishing little town there is something of A spirit of reform existing there, there is A temperance meeting A licium two common day schools, & two diferent religious meeting up there. the situation of the place seems to me to be rougher than any place that I ever seen in Iowa. the bluff coming up to within a stonethrow of the river, leaves A small space for A city, but its advantages of mill privaleges can not be exceled in any place the falls of willamet being just at the upper edge of town. Portland is the head of ship navigation there has been between 15 & 20 ships there within the last twelve months it is A better situation for A town than Oregon City notwithstanding it is very heavy timbered. there seem to be but little thought of in Portland but to get rich nor does there seem to be much else thought of in Oregon as far as my knowledge extends for I have not been in reach of A meeting of any kind since I came here except it was something like A dance & that did not interest me enough for to cause me to attend.

There is a great call for machanics of different kind, (vis) Cabinet, Chair, Sadling, coopering, shoemaking, fanmaking, thrashing, tanner brickmaking & laying, hatting wheelmakeing housejoiner & Millright these are all in good demand & perhaps others that I do not think of. common mens work is [blank] per day, making rails women work is from one to three dollars per week. wheat is $7 per bu, pork from 6 to 10 cnts per lb, bacon from 16 to 20 salt 50 cents per bushel masured at that, Sugar from 5 to 12 cents per lb, coffee from 3 to 5 lbs to the dollar, factory [cloth] from 10 to 20 cents per yd, beef from 2½ to 3 cents per lb. cattle such as work oxen are cheap, & American cows fetch A good price. waggons are cheap. good American horses are in good demand. mules are in good demand. there is A plenty of hogs here but they are A good price they do not feed here like they do in Iowa Isaac Mills killed hogs that never were fed A day that

weighed from 2 to 300 hundred Cattle are in good order my cattle are doing well. the little cow has give milk ever since we left Iowa And now gives milk & butter enough for us. the climate is fully as good as I anticipated. I have not been colder since I stop traveling then I have been in Iowa in June. it has been sun shiny nice weather considerable of the winter although there has been some rain & snow. the deepest snow that I have seen here has not exceeded three inches deep laid over one day. some winters is said to be much colder than this has been. Vegetables grow well here. (Mother I have lived this winter where I could have mustard and other greens all the time & I have live with A woman for the last three months that I have never heard scold one word on any occasion. that is Wm. mother she has seemd more like A mother than any one I have seen since I left thee

Fruits of some kind grow in abundance such as strawberries, gooseberries, rasberries, blackberries, hucleberries, cranberries, dewberries, sallal berries, sarvis [service] berries, &c there is not much fruit that grows on trees unless it is planted. there is no plumbs nor graips that I have heard of. there is crab apples. they are very small. The growth of timber is pine, fur, cedar, hemlock, white oak, alder, ash, cottonwood, dog wood, cherry, maple & hazle, the main growth of which is Evergreen. they make brooms, barrel hoops & withs of hazle they also use cherry for brooms, &c Wm says that he has seen wheat sowed in ever month in the year except July & August & produce good wheat he has been here 4 years & likes the country very well. I cannot say much whether I like it or not for I have not seen much of it as far as I have seen the face of the country does not look as butiful as Iowa, but perhaps the health & mild climate make amend for the want of beauty of the country & perhaps when I see more of it I will be better pleased. there is salmon & trout fish here plenty, & there is deer, bear, tigar elk panther & wolves plenty there is chickens turkeys & ducks that is tame & wild fouls about as they were there except wild turkeys there is none of them here

[Only part of the next page is still extant.]

& if any of you are on the road & chance to see this write me word which way you are coming & whether you are likely to need assistance or not & I think that I will meet you if sickness does not hinder. I must now bring my letter to A close trusting that the Great ruler of the universe may guid us so that we will meet here or herafter so I bid you all Far well.

Wm. A. Mills

Parents & relations all. Rachel Mills

EPILOGUE

The following letter was written, not by Rachel Mills, but by Alfred, the oldest son of Elizabeth and Henderson Luelling, her dearest friends from back home in Salem, Iowa. Evidently the editor of the Oregon farm newspaper, the Willamette Farmer, *of Salem, Oregon, had heard of the death of Rachel Mills and sought information about it from the Luellings as to details. This letter is in answer to the editor's enquiry and was published in the* Farmer *on Saturday, March 26, 1870, page 37. It has a one-word headline, "Obituary."*

DAIRY CREEK, March 19, 1870.

DEAR FRIEND:—Yours of Feb. 18th is received, after considerable time, occasioned by my removal to this place and the consequent necessity of forwarding it to Forest Grove. Mrs. Mills was born in Wayne county, Indiana, April 20, 1822; died Dec. 11th, 1869, her age was, therefore 46 years, 7 months, 21 days. Her parents removed in 1837 to Henry county, Iowa. She was married in 1842 [1841] to Mr. John Fisher, with whom she started to cross the Plains to Oregon in 1847. Mr. Fisher died, June 6th, on Platte River. In August, and on Snake River, she buried a bright little girl, something over 2 years of age. She arrived in Tualitin Plains late in the fall; during the following winter made the acquaintance of Mr. W. A. Mills, who had been here since 1843. They were married the next spring, since which they resided most of the time in this county, until her death. Her parents were members of the Society of Friends (orthodox Quakers) and brought her up in the faith, which was evinced by her consistent practice of the cardinal injunctions of the discipline, and, notwithstanding her isolation from those of like Faith, she continued the characteristic "plainness in dress and address," to the close of her life. She leaves Mr. Mills with five children, the eldest and youngest sons aged 19 and 9 years respectively, the three daughters of intermediate ages, and many devoted friends, to mourn her loss.

Yours truly,

ALFRED LUELLING.

Kenneth L. Holmes, *Professor Emeritus of History, Western Oregon State College, Monmouth, writes about the American West. These letters appear in a multi-volume set of books he is now editing for Arthur H. Clark Company:* Covered Wagon Women, Diaries and Letters from the Western Trails, Volume I [1840s].

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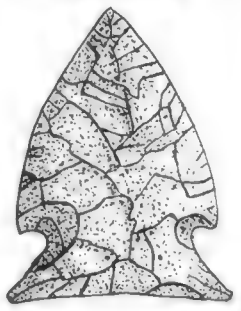

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Early California wine growing

Priests and adventurers lovingly cultivated the grape

by Julius L. Jacobs

WHEN A DETERMINED SPANISH PRIEST FOUNDED A mission at the sleepy village of San Diego in 1769, he unintentionally laid the foundation for the great California wine industry. Father Junipero Serra traveled north from Baja California for the glory of God and to extend the influence of the Catholic church. But in addition to religious objects, his bags contained grape cuttings from

COURTESY WINE INSTITUTE, SAN FRANCISCO

Mexico. The energetic Father saw to the planting of cuttings at Mission San Diego and at other California missions he established along El Camino Real in succeeding years. The evangelical zeal of Padre Serra and fellow Franciscans resulted in the introduction of wine growing as far north as Sonoma by approximately 1827.

Dramatic roles in the early history of California wine growing were played not only by Father Serra but by a French cooper and a romantic Hungarian of dubious titles. Sixty years after the frail Father established Mission San Diego, Jean Louis Vignes sailed from the Sandwich Islands

(Above) *Amid symbols of riotous revelry, Bacchus, the god of wine, visits the New World to further his worship by men and to instruct in cultivation of the grape. Strapping young America solemnly accepts Bacchus's thyrsus or staff, perhaps unaware that it represents Bacchanalian rites. Merrymakers celebrate with abandon, while the god is surrounded by fauns, a panther, and an ass—all symbols of Bacchic festivities. Perhaps the wine merchants who used this advertisement in 1869 got more than they bargained for.* (Left) *This small building at Mission San Gabriel was the first winery in California, dating from about 1771.*

COURTESY FINE ARTS COLLECTION, CALIFORNIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY, SAN FRANCISCO

to California, landing in the tiny pueblo of Los Angeles. This French adventurer came originally from Bordeaux, where he distilled wine and made wine barrels. In the dusty village of the Angels, Vignes bought land and laid out a vineyard of 104 acres in an area that is today the very heart of the city. In 1831 this French cooper began an experiment that changed the course of California agriculture.

Last of the trio was Agoston Haraszthy (pronounced hair-as-thee), a most unusual Hungarian adventurer who claimed he was a count as well as a colonel in the Hungarian Royal Guard. Emigrating first to Wisconsin, this enterprising traveler arrived in California in 1849. Within a few years he changed the direction of wine making in California and later became known as the father of modern wine making in that region.

Father Serra left his native Spain with the determination to Christianize New World peoples. Having landed in Mexico, he walked a hundred leagues, the equivalent of 300 miles, to Mexico City. It would be almost impossible to describe the tenacity of the gaunt, partially crippled Franciscan padre in performing his evangelistic duties. After service in Mexico,

Serra took on the task of extending the church's influence into Alta California, and he was equal to the challenge. Beginning with San Diego in 1769, Padre Serra founded nine missions up the coast of California during the fifteen years of life left to him.

Serra's insistence that grapevines be planted within the walls of each mission had a practical purpose. Wine was needed for the sacrament, and it brought comfort to travelers and monks alike. It was probably pretty poor wine at that, as the Mission grape, or *Criolla* as it is known today, was an inferior specimen. However, it took care of the needs of Mission fathers, explorers, and adventurers for more than half a century until better varieties were brought to the western region.

The largest vineyards developed by the Spanish padres were in southern California. In the cooler climate at the northern missions, such as those in Santa Cruz, San Francisco, and Santa Clara, the early Mission grape variety simply would not develop to maturity. At Mission San Gabriel, near Los Angeles, there are still traces of the winery started in 1771. Here grapes were crushed on a stone floor by workers from the ample supply of Indian labor; the juice was drained into an adobe holding pond, collected into leather bags, and carried to fermenting tanks. The technique was crude, and the wine was probably quite poor. However, both a dry style of altar wine and a much sweeter dessert wine called Angelica were made by the padres.

Indians who worked at the missions also developed a taste for the products of the padres' grapes. In his *California Pastoral*, Hubert Bancroft tells the tale of a Belgian supervisor of the stills at San Gabriel, Victor Eugene Janssens, whose custom it was, after he had "fed the stills" to leave the Indians tending the fire while he retired to his room. Through his room ran the tubes from the brandy stills, and the water, the only exit the fluid had. However, it was comparatively easy for the Indians to watch "the master" and while he wasn't looking, to raise the cover of the stills and help themselves to the brandy. When Janssens discovered the Indian tricks, he ordered padlocks put on the still covers, but new ways were found to snatch an occasional illegal drink.

Nor were the Spanish padres above arguments and recriminations. In 1798 a "disaffected member of the brotherhood" complained back in Mexico that the California priests were buying and consuming "inordinate quantities" of wines and spirits. And in 1821 Governor Sola accused the padres of smuggling in liquors and other merchandise. Despite these accusations, the production of wine and *aguardiente*, or brandy, continued. Even after the Missions were secularized in the 1820s, some of them continued to make wines and brandies for years to come.

In the early transition period from church to commercial wine-making, the few schools that existed in the territory depended on wine and liquor taxes for their maintenance. Bancroft tells of one public official in 1832 who refused to pay an assessment levied on some barrels of brandy he had distilled. This inspired others to evade the law and resulted in the schools' being temporarily closed. When the Americans

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(Left, above) *Chinese labor contractor Ho Po sits for his portrait in San Francisco in the middle of the last century. Po furnished Chinese workmen to Agoston Haraszthy at his Buena Vista Winery in Sonoma where they bored through solid rock in the hillside to create six wine storage tunnels.* (Left, below) *From the interior of a stone winery, we look into one of the storage tunnels, excavated possibly as early as 1857. A cave-in has let light into the tunnel.* (Above) *This photograph was taken before the turn of the century at the Warm Springs Vineyard and winery in Alameda county, owned by Josiah Stanford, brother of Leland Stanford. The wine gleaned from this bounteous harvest was prized by discerning Californians in elegant dining rooms.*

took possession of California in 1848, they found most Mission buildings in ruin, vineyards and orchards wild, and the Indians who had taken care of them long gone.

FOR OVER HALF A CENTURY AFTER THEIR ARRIVAL in California, the Mission fathers were the leaders in viticulture, with the center of activity in the southern part of the region. As population grew and the importance of the area increased, commercialization of wine growing developed. A significant figure in this early endeavor was Jean Louis Vignes. In today's world, this picturesque, widely traveled Frenchman would be celebrated as a character. Even in his own time, he soon became known as "Don Luis" and was often seen enjoying the shade of an enormous sycamore tree near the entrance to his wine cellar, while his friends stopped by to visit.

Many people wondered how Vignes got the capital to buy 104 acres of land, even though the price was probably very low in the small Los Angeles pueblo. According to J. Albert Wilson, in his history of Los Angeles, Don Luis arrived in 1829 from the Sandwich Islands with devotional ornaments and trinkets that he disposed of to the Spanish Missions and their residents "at such prices that he became quite wealthy."

It is fairly certain that Don Luis Vignes planted his Los Angeles vineyards with only a limited knowledge of good climate and soil, but within several years he took steps that would completely alter the direction of California wine growing. In 1831 Vignes imported the first French grape cuttings to California and summoned eight of his relatives from France to come and join his vineyard and wine-making enterprise. Within a few years he was selling his white wines at $2.00 a gallon and his brandy at double that price. His *aguardiente* was made in considerable quantity from the same old Mission grape, and, when it was three or four years old, was considered to be choice brandy.

In spite of his flamboyant ways, Vignes was serious enough about making good wines and brandies and about establishing their reputation. In 1843 the American mariner Commodore Thomas ap Catesby Jones and a number of his fellow officers were entertained by the bachelor Frenchman

at his vineyard and residence in the village of Los Angeles. When they departed, Vignes presented several barrels of his finest wines to them. He requested that any wine remaining at the end of their journey be presented to the President of the United States so that he might know of the excellence of California vintages. It was never confirmed that any of this wine reached President Tyler in the White House. Another time Vignes experimented with the idea of "aging" wine by sending it out on a sea voyage. Unfortunately, the cask of wine he sent along with a Mrs. John Paty aboard a vessel commanded by her husband was so popular with everyone aboard that it never reached its destination in Hawaii.

One customer of Don Luis's was the amiable Captain John Sutter, owner of Sutter's Mill in northern California where the discovery of gold in 1848 touched off the gold rush. In the early 1850s Don Luis sold some grape cuttings to Sutter. Typically, the lord of Sutter's Fort was financially embarrassed; in a letter written in fluent Spanish, he informed Vignes that he did not have the cash to pay for the choice cuttings and asked for more time.

Vignes saw a great future in California not only for wines but for citrus fruits. He was the first to raise oranges in the Los Angeles area, and by 1851 he claimed that his trees were yielding 5,000 to 6,000 oranges a year.

When he reached the age of seventy-two in 1851, Don Luis decided to get out of the farming and winery business and advertised his orange gardens and vineyards for sale. By that time his fields held 40,000 vines of which 32,000 were bearing grapes, yielding a thousand barrels of wine a year, "the quality of which is known to be superior." Two years later, Jean Luis Sainsevain, who had traveled from France more than twenty years earlier to be with his uncle, bought the Vignes property for $42,000. Soon afterwards, another nephew, Pierre, joined Jean Louis, forming the pioneer wine firm of Sainsevain Brothers.

Following Vignes's retirement the two nephews concentrated on making Champagne, and Pierre Sainsevain went to France to learn the techniques. In 1857 they produced 50,000 bottles of sparkling wine; in 1858–150,000. But eventually the experiment failed, and it was many years before Champagne was tried again. Instead, the Sainsevains established wine cellars in San Francisco to augment the sales of their wine in that city. A newspaper report of the day said that they led the state in wine production in 1858 with 150,000 gallons and in 1860 with 230,000 gallons, much of it labeled as "Aliso" wines. They owned a large part of the first shipment of wines sent to New York in 1860, and, according to a letter from Pierre Sainsevain to Arpad Haraszthy in 1861, opened a cellar on Cedar Street in New York in that year about the time the Civil War was getting underway.

Eventually the Sainsevains dissolved their partnership and returned to France. As for Vignes, he died in Los Angeles in 1862, loaded with honors and at age eighty-three a prominent citizen of the state of California. To his eternal credit, Don Luis was the first commercial grape grower to bring better grapes to Alta California. As a result, he made far better wines and brandies than had the Mission fathers or his contemporaries in Los Angeles, such as Joseph Chapman. Through his French connection it became possible for Vignes to secure superior grape varieties, and it was he who first imported the European grape known as the *vitis vinifera*.

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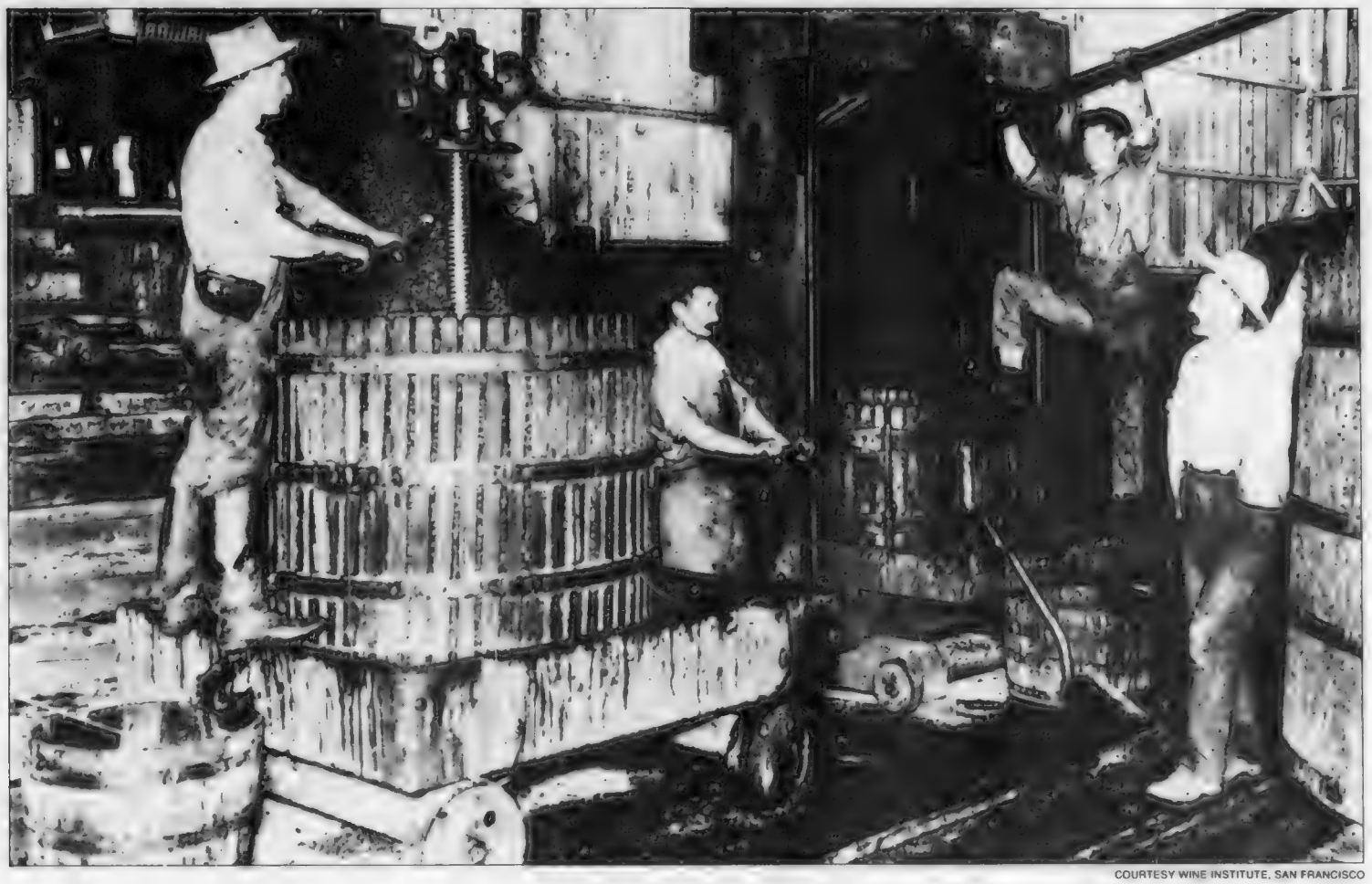
MEANWHILE, THANKS TO THE ENERGY AND FLAMboyant activities of Agoston Haraszthy and the redoubtable General Don Mariano Vallejo, a military commander under the former Mexican regime, the pendulum of wine prominence was gradually swinging in the direction of northern California. Life there was becoming less stressful as the invasion of the gold rush abated, and farming began to take over in this fertile region. Handsome homes were built as many people became prosperous. Wealthy ranchero owners entertained often, and the fine linen, sparkling crystal, and abundance of food were supplemented either by French wines or increasingly by the newly developing wines of the Golden State. The 1850s and 1860s saw the gradual increase of quality, the development of much finer wines that were featured at many a gathering of California businessmen or politicians as they drank lusty toasts to the well-being and prosperity of their fledgling state.

Genius or charlatan? Unmitigated rascal or unappreciated visionary? These were the extremes that the name of "Count" Haraszthy aroused, and the debate is still quite open. Haraszthy was evidently neither count nor colonel, as he claimed, but it seems that he had served as a youth in the Royal Hungarian bodyguard of the first emperor of Austria, Francis I. We are told that on his arrival in New York in



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(Opposite) *Dashing ''Count'' Haraszthy earned the title ''father of modern California viticulture'' for his improvements in that industry, including the study of European wine making and the introduction of new varieties from Europe.* (Above) *In 1911 this is how workmen sorted and pressed grapes in a California winery, a world apart from the scene in modern establishments that send fine California wines all over the globe.*

1840, Haraszthy was wined and dined with fanfare. While in Washington, D.C., he ''was received with great courtesy by President Tyler,'' and such notables as Henry Clay and Daniel Webster were his ''sponsors.''

This Hungarian immigrant had a remarkable career in America, first in Wisconsin and after 1849 in California. Haraszthy founded Sauk City in Wisconsin where he and a partner had a sawmill, established a brickyard and a general store, sold lots, built houses, and ran a steamboat on the Wisconsin and upper Mississippi rivers.

> An arresting figure: a large active man, very dark with black hair, wide black mustache and full black beard. His dark eyes reflected the moods of a dreamer and doer. He loved to ride hard and hunt game. His prowess as a hunter was legendary. Wearing a green silk hunting shirt with a wide sash of flaming red he was seen many times riding through brush and bramble, laughing while the thorns tore at his expensive dress. As his town rose from the mud of the prairie he always moved about wearing a stovepipe hat and carrying a cane, giving orders in several languages to foreign-born workmen. He seemed born to command. *(Wisconsin Historical Society Proceedings, 1906)*

In California, Haraszthy used his flamboyant ways in the cause of viticulture. The wine historian Leon D. Adams has called him a promotional genius who ''developed a passion'' for raising grapes. It was this passion, not his other activities—sheriff in San Diego, assayer at the Mint in San Francisco, politics in Sacramento—that led to the Hungarian's lasting reputation. Fortunately for him, too, Haraszthy crossed paths early on with General Vallejo, the former Mexican *comandante* in the Sonoma region and a wealthy landowner, and later with a banker-financier who helped Haraszthy establish the Buena Vista Vinicultural Society. The two Buena Vista sandstone winery buildings at Sonoma, with tunnels extending far into the hillsides and built by Chinese labor, still stand.

The lasting importance of Haraszthy, disregarding all the legends and mythology that grew up around the Hungarian ''count,'' rests upon a trip he made to Europe in 1861. Traveling as a ''special commissioner'' from California with an appointment from Governor John Downey to study European wine making and bring back new grape varieties, Haraszthy succeeded in both tasks. He studied intensively the wine cultures in France, Germany, Italy, and Spain, and also brought back thousands of grape cuttings. The dispersal of

If you choose to taste

The hospitality of the vineyards of California is legendary; all of the larger wineries entertain hundreds of thousands of visitors each year on wine tours and tastings along the Wine Trails in the Napa and Sonoma valleys, as well as in tasting rooms in Monterey, Mendocino, and Santa Clara valleys. Mirassou Vineyards (San Jose) has a series of gourmet luncheons and dinners each year. Both Charles Krug (Napa valley) and Sonoma Vineyards have musical programming each summer. Paul Masson (Santa Clara county) has had music at the vineyards for twenty-five years. Robert Mondavi Winery (Napa valley) not only has a jazz festival each year but, also, a series of cooking schools featuring authorities like Paul Bocuse and Julia Child. Other well-known vineyards, such as venerable Buena Vista (Sonoma), both Wente and Concannon (Livermore valley), Monterey Vineyard and Taylor California Cellars (Monterey county), entertain guests with music, drama, and/or their own vintages. Information is available from the Wine Institute, 165 Post Street, San Francisco, California 94108. Telephone (415) 986-0878.

these new varieties and the later publication of his book *Grape Culture, Wines and Wine Making* (1862) won Haraszthy his reputation as a "father of modern California viticulture."

So widely known in his short but meteoric California career, the Hungarian did more in his European travels than simply collect grape varieties. He told in his book on grape culture that he had also purchased in different parts of the continent a selection of choice almonds, olives, figs, pomegranates, Italian chestnuts, oranges, and lemons. This was in addition to the 100,000 vines that embraced some 1,400 separate varieties, if this astonishing number can be believed.

In the state capitol at Sacramento, Haraszthy was not well liked by the politicians who felt his trip was simply arranged as a personal junket—and who, during this early period of the Civil War, considered Haraszthy anti-Union because he was affiliated with the Peace Democrats. The legislators were not inclined to pay his European bills or back his grape experiments. Thus, many of his cuttings were scattered and lost, and many growers lost patience with the ones that were distributed.

HARASZTHY WAS AT THE ZENITH OF HIS SHORT, dramatic career. In a few years, he suffered wine failures and major financial difficulties. He lost Buena Vista, he was injured when a distillery boiler exploded, a wine cellar burned—nothing went right for him. His death in 1869 took place in exotic surroundings, a complement to his unusual life. Hoping to recoup his fortune, Haraszthy traveled to Nicaragua. There, he fell into an "alligator-infested stream" and was pulled under to his death.

Four years after the strange death of Haraszthy, his son Arpad reported remarkable changes in the wine and grape picture. He spoke of Mission grape vineyards worth $6,000,000 and new varieties worth another $9,000,000. He spoke of an industry where total investment was estimated at $30,000,000 including wine, brandy, and inventory. Today this seems a tiny figure compared even with the value of a single giant California winery. But it represents a magnificent upgrading of what Padre Junipero Serra had begun in the 1770s, and what Jean Louis Vignes transformed into a viable agricultural enterprise in the sleepy little Los Angeles pueblo barely a half century later.

The period of Haraszthy and his immediate successors was a time of energetic trial and error in wine growing, as well as expansion. One famous visitor attested to that in the 1880s. While spending his honeymoon on the slope of Mount Saint Helena in the Napa Valley in California, Robert Louis Stevenson noted with appreciation:

> Wine in California is still in the experimental stage.... one corner of land is tried with one kind of grape after another. This is a failure, that is better; a third best. So, bit by bit, they grope about for their Clos Vougeot and Lafite. These lodes and pockets of earth, more precious than the precious ores, that yield inimitable fragrance and soft fire... where the soil has sublimated under the sun and stars to something finer, and the wine is bottled poetry.... the smack of Californian earth shall linger on the palate of your grandson.

Haraszthy and his fellow wine makers, including such personalities as Leland Stanford, General Vallejo, and later, Charles Wetmore, helped guide California's developing wine industry into the twentieth century. California's wines, brandies, Champagnes, and premium vintages have become world renowned, and this single area has escalated the United States into the sixth greatest wine-producing region in the world.

Whether warranted or not, Haraszthy received greater recognition than Father Serra, Vignes, or any of the band of notables who followed in his footsteps. On the hundredth anniversary of his death in 1969, the *Congressional Record* said of him: "Too often we overlook those true men of vision whose foresight has so profoundly influenced our lives.... in a very significant way he put California on the nation's economic and gourmet maps...."

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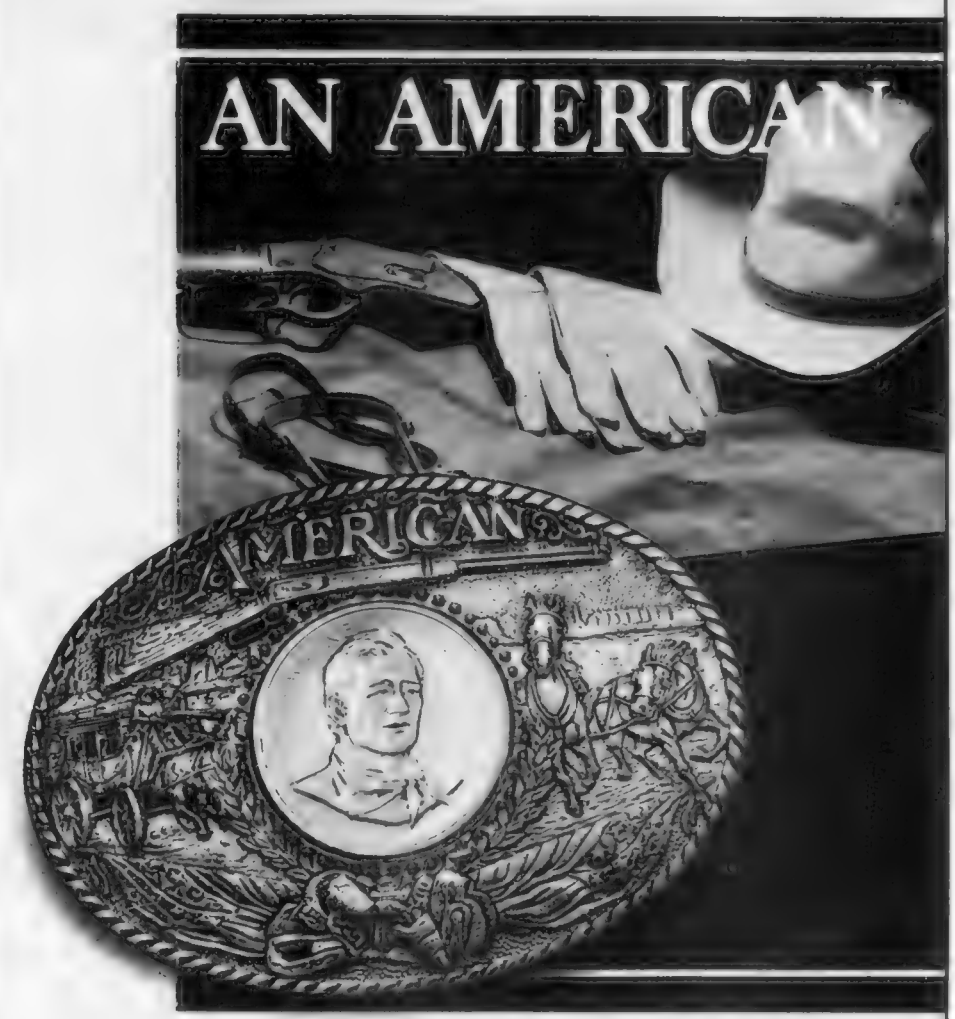

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The Healer—a colorful folktale of New Mexico is recounted after the fashion of storytellers of old. In a Romeo-and-Juliet theme, the hero Antonio loses and regains his love through the faith that made him a healer during a local epidemic.

Land Navigation Handbook: The Sierra Club Guide to Map and Compass *by W. S. Kals (Sierra Club Books, San Francisco, 1983; 240 pp., illus., maps, tables, index, paper $8.95).*
Learn how to fine-tune your sense of direction with the help of maps, compass, stars, and sun. The comprehensive information on navigation in this pocket-sized guide will make finding your way, in shoes, boots, skis, or snowshoes, easier and more accurate.

Your Affordable Solar Home *by Dan Hibshman (Sierra Club Books, San Francisco, 1983; 128 pp., illus., biblio., index, paper $7.95).*
Whether desert-dweller or woodlander, you'll want to see this book before building your new home. Part of Sierra Club's "Tools for Today" series, it describes and diagrams six highly energy-efficient model homes. The designs emphasize economy of space and construction expense as well as durability. Concepts and methods are discussed in detail.

All the King's Horses: The Story of the Budweiser Clydesdales *by Alix Coleman and Steven D. Price (The Viking Press, New York, 1983; 200 pp., illus., $26.00).*
This colorful, oversized book salutes the nobility of these magnificent Clydesdales. The history and breeding of the horses, as well as the training and preparation for their Budweiser hitch, are appealingly presented with photographs, paintings, and drawings of these champion performers at rest, at work, and on tour.

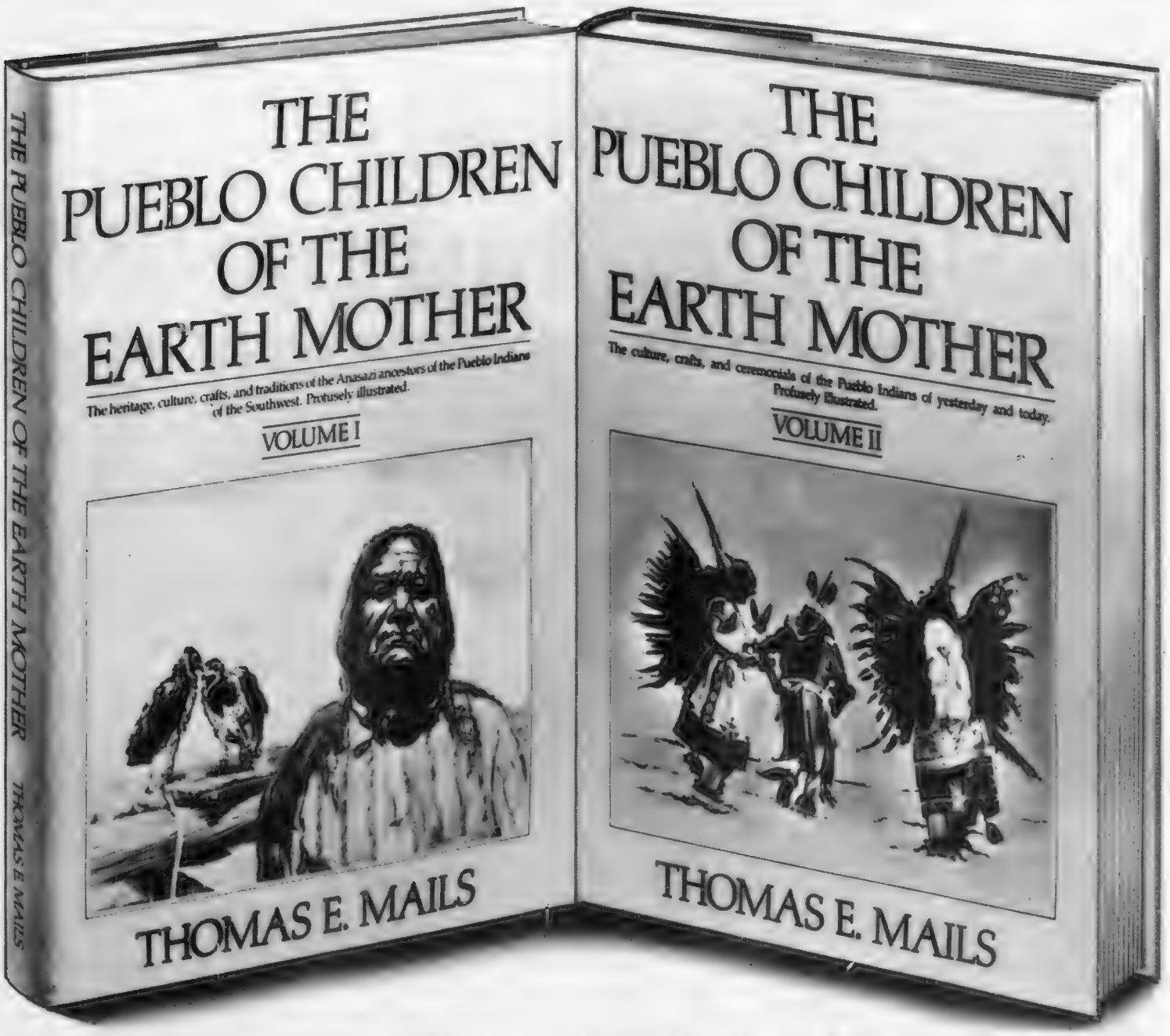
California Patterns: A Geographical and Historical Atlas *by David Hornbeck, Cartography by David L. Fuller (Mayfield Publishing Company, Palo Alto, California, 1983; 128 pp., illus., append., paper $10.95).*
The author contends that, in spite of "tantalizing superlatives about California" in literary works and rumors of its glorious land, most people (including Californians) know surprisingly little about the resources and history of the state. With this book he tries to remedy that situation. Maps and charts, many newly drawn from primary research, effectively describe the basics of geologic, geomorphic, climatic, and ecological features as well as patterns of demographics and commerce from prehistoric times to the present. Brief essays on each topic amplify the graphic information.

California: The Geography of Diversity *by Crane S. Miller and Richard Hyslop (Mayfield Publishing Company, Palo Alto, California, 1983; 255 pp., illus., biblio., index, paper $16.95).*
While maps and charts on demographics, climate, and geology contribute to this volume, the emphasis here is on contemporary issues and landscapes. Short, concise articles present such topics as water controversy, winegrowing, and California playgrounds. Illustrations are generously sprinkled throughout.

The Mormon Graphic Image, 1834–1914: Cartoons, Caricatures, and Illustrations *by Gary L. Bunker and Davis Bitton (University of Utah Press, Salt Lake City, 1983; 164 pp., illus., biblio., index, $25.00).*
Focusing on satirical drawings in popular journals such as *Harper's Weekly, Vanity Fair,* and *Puck,* the authors discuss the roots of the stereotypes of Mormonism between 1834 and the early twentieth century. Cartoons with captions like "Twelve Can Live as Cheaply as One" and "Mormon Fishing in Foreign Lands" will entertain and enlighten.

The Land of Journey's End *by Mary Austin, intro. by Larry Evers (University of Arizona Press, Tucson, 1983; 485 pp., illus., glossary, paper $12.50, cloth $24.50).*
This Southwest classic, originally published in 1924, still holds the freshness and pungency of the land celebrated by Mary

(Continued on page 64)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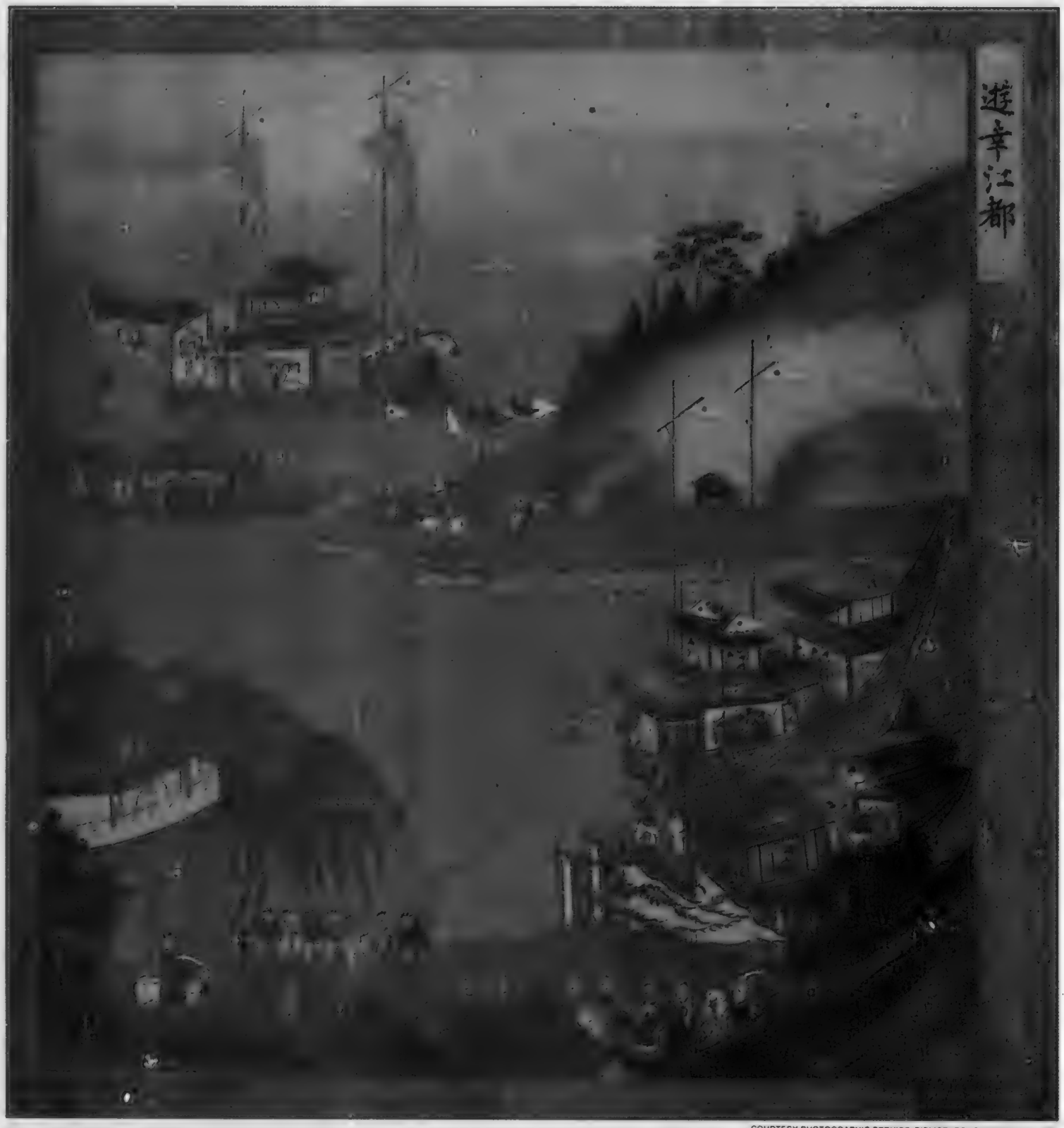

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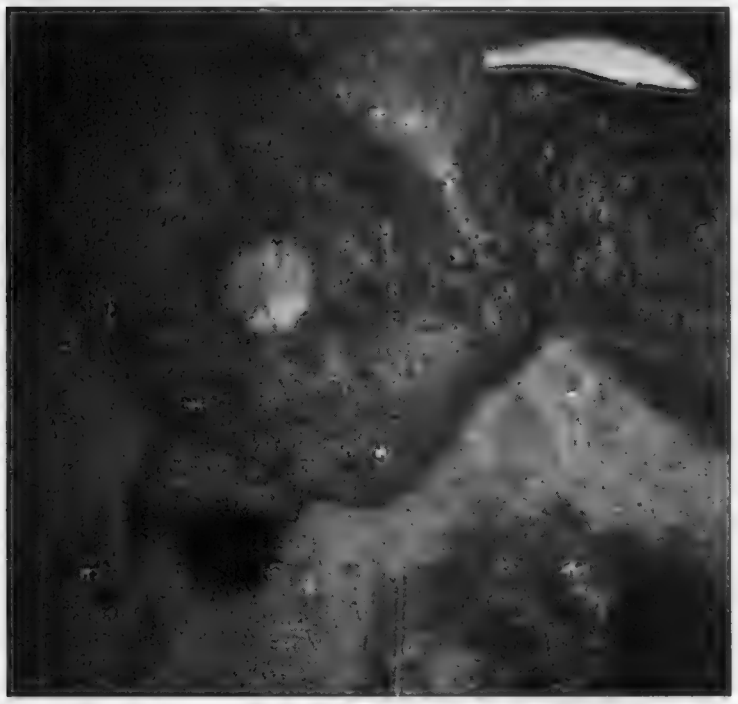
Connection

Did ancient Oriental mariners sail to our West coast?

by Brian McGinty



COURTESY WAYNE N. BALDWIN

EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT COLUMBUS DID NOT DISCOVER America—not for the *first time*, that is. Viking mariners very likely preceded the doughty Genoan to the New World by four or five centuries, and there is reason to believe that Irish monks may have come several hundred years before the Vikings. And Phoenician merchants may have visited the continent as long ago as the time of Christ.

Who was the first Old World explorer to reach America? And where did he make his first landfall? If you think that the great discoverer was a European, that he anchored his ships somewhere along the Atlantic coast of America, you may be very wrong. Recent archeological discoveries suggest that he may have been an Asian—Chinese, perhaps Japanese or even Afghan—and that his first New World camp may have been somewhere along the Pacific coast of North America—in western Mexico, perhaps, or possibly in southern California in the vicinity of present-day Los Angeles.

Today when archeologists and anthropologists talk about a long-ago Asian-American connection, they are not necessarily talking about ancient nomads who crossed the Bering Strait on a prehistoric land bridge. The thesis that land migrants came to North America from Siberia in some long-ago Ice Age is still a viable explanation for the original population of the Western Hemisphere. It is not, however, inconsistent with theories of a later ocean connection between Asia and America.

The Chinese and Japanese have a long and distinguished maritime history. The Chinese developed the balanced rudder nearly a thousand years before Europeans did and sailed ships with watertight compartments and compasses centuries before such devices were known in Western vessels. In our own time, the Norwegian Thor Heyerdahl and the Japanese Kenichi Horie have shown that primitive sea-going vessels, powered only by the wind, are capable of crossing the Pacific Ocean in an easterly direction—from the islands of Polynesia, from Japan, or from the Asian mainland—to the west coast of America. And the early records of Spanish America abound in reports of exotic vessels in Pacific waters that may or may not have been Oriental ships.

In 1540 one of Francisco Coronado's patrols came upon two small vessels anchored at the head of the Gulf of California. The crew members, who were extracting ore from the nearby mountains, indicated by signs that their homeland lay toward the west, perhaps in the direction of Japan or China. Thirty-three years later, inhabitants of the west coast of Mexico were astounded to see a flotilla of eight exotic ships sailing in the ocean near the Tres Marías Islands. This was four years before the first non-Spanish European vessel entered the Pacific Ocean.

In 1610 the English explorer Will Adams (real-life model for the fictionalized hero of *Shogun*) constructed a vessel in Japan that, manned by a Japanese crew, crossed the Pacific to Mexico with a full company of merchants and an ambassador to the viceroy of New Spain. In 1614 and again in 1616, the Japanese lord Date Masamune sent merchant vessels across the Pacific from his native land to Mexico. In 1774 the Spanish explorer Juan Bautista de Anza saw a strange wreck

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(Opposite) *This beautiful miniature on silk portrays part of the fleet of a Chinese emperor of the seventh century* A.D. *Arranged in single file, his magnificent ships stretched out for twenty leagues. If Oriental adventurers, such as Huishen, crossed the Pacific to the Americas during those early years, they might have come in ships like these.* (Above) *On the sea floor off the Palos Verdes Peninsula of southern California, a mysterious stone is pictured. Discovered by amateur divers, it is reputed to be an ancient anchor stone from an Oriental ship that visited North America perhaps a thousand years ago.*

Buried tools, inscriptions, and stone anchors point to a visit from ancient Asians.

in the ocean near Carmel, California. The wreck was of a type of construction that none of the Spanish in the area had ever seen before, a type of construction that might have originated in Asia.

The question is not whether it would have been possible for ancient Asian sailors to cross the Pacific in pre-Columbian times, but whether they in fact made such a crossing. For at least two centuries western historians have been aware of a substantial body of Chinese literature that suggests such a voyage may have been made—or, at least, that Chinese mariners, sailing east from the Celestial Kingdom in some long-ago imperial age, discovered a vast and geographically remarkable country that, in striking particulars, resembled America. Archeological discoveries dating back more than half a century have lent some credibility to the ancient Chinese chronicles. Only in the last twenty years, however, have substantial artifacts been uncovered in North and South America, artifacts that lend physical proof to what historians and archivists have so long suspected.

In the early years of the twentieth century, buried implements, thought to be of Asian origin, were uncovered in the Pacific Northwest, lending credence to old Indian traditions that men in "floating houses" arrived on the coast long before the advent of the Europeans. In 1946 an amateur archeologist discovered a remarkable boulder in Idaho that some scientists believe is inscribed with primitive Japanese letters. Thought to be of the Hiragana type, dating from around the ninth century A.D., the letters were found at the confluence of the Ada and Snake rivers. Other inscriptions, believed to contain old Chinese ideograms, were found at Atlalt Rock in Nevada's Valley of Fire. In the early 1970s, at the Indian village Ozette on the west coast of Washington State's Olympic Peninsula, archeologists from Washington State University uncovered a large number of high-carbon steel blades—knives and chisels. Chemical analysis of the blades showed their steel to be of a kind manufactured in Japan as early as the eighth century A.D.

ONE OF THE MOST SIGNIFICANT OF THE ASIAN-American archeological discoveries was made in the early 1960s near the fishing village of Valdivia, Ecuador. An amateur archeologist began to excavate pottery middens at Valdivia as early as 1956, but it was not until 1961 that substantial artifacts were found on the site. Responding to these discoveries, the National Science Foundation sent a team of professional archeologists to Ecuador to join in the Valdivia dig. In 1965 the team announced its findings: At some very distant time in American prehistory, a settlement of fishers and gatherers lived on the coast of Ecuador, making pottery that closely resembled pottery manufactured on the Japanese island of Kyushu during the Early and Middle Jomon periods (around 3000 B.C.). The striking resemblances between the Japanese and South American potteries strongly indicate that the Ecuadorians learned their craft from the Japanese and probably received implements from them as long as 5,000 years ago.

The Ecuadorian discoveries prove that Asians were in America before Columbus. But they do not prove how the Asians got here. If they came by sea, there should be some evidence of their ocean crossing—some wreck, perhaps; some bit of ship's furniture or equipment; some telltale relic that was left behind to memorialize their long-ago voyage across the ocean.

Is there any such evidence in America? Not until the 1970s was anything discovered that might reasonably be interpreted as a relic of ancient Asian-American seafarers. And this discovery was made in one of the most unlikely locations imaginable, the crowded ocean coast of southern California.

In November of 1973, aboard the Research Vessel *Bartlett*, Dr. Roland Von Huene and Dr. Gary Greene of the United States Geological Survey were operating a chain-bag dredge, scouring the ocean floor off the coast of southern California for soil samples, bits of stone, traces of metal and sea life. The *Bartlett* was south of Point Conception, above a deep section of the sea floor known as the Patton Escarpment, when its dredge brought up a doughnut-shaped stone about thirteen inches across and six inches thick, with a distinctive two-and-one-half-inch hole in its center. The stone intrigued Von Huene and Greene. They contacted James Robert Moriarty III, a marine archeologist then affiliated with the Scripps Institution of Oceanography in La Jolla, and asked him to examine it. Moriarty tentatively identified the stone as a piece of early ship's furniture—not an anchor, exactly, but something like an anchor: a line-weight or messenger stone of a kind used on ancient Asian ships.

Within a few weeks, the stone was taken to the U.S.G.S. station at Woods Hole in Massachusetts, where it was subjected to chemical and petrographic analysis. The scientists at Woods Hole found that the stone was covered with a layer of manganese three millimeters thick—a layer that might have taken natural sea processes as long as 3,000 years to deposit. In 1977, parts of the stone were sent to the National University in Taiwan where Dr. Y. Wang, chairman of the Department of Geology, subjected them to chemical testing, petrographic analysis, and x-ray diffusion studies. Wang determined that the particles were bits of very fine-grained dolomite or recrystallized dolostone. Such stones have rarely been found along the California coast, though they are abundant in northern China, particularly on the Shantung and Liaotung peninsulas where, according to Wang, they have been used as building stones "for the past several thousand years."

Von Huene's and Greene's discovery was followed by a second discovery in the winter of 1974–75. Robert Meistrell and Wayne N. Baldwin are avid sports divers who, on sunny holidays and weekends, like to explore the colorful ocean floor off the coast of southern California. Beginning in late

COURTESY UNITED STATES GEOLOGICAL SURVEY

This intriguing stone was brought up from the Patton Escarpment by researchers of the United States Geological Survey. It is hand crafted from stone that could have come from northern China several thousand years ago, raising the possibility that it is a line-weight lost by an ancient Asian ship off southern California.

1974 and continuing through January of 1975, the divers explored a section of the Los Angeles County coast that was to yield an intriguing archeological harvest.

The site that occupied the divers' attention was a quarter of a mile or so off the Palos Verdes Peninsula and less than twenty-five miles from downtown Los Angeles. There, at depths ranging from about two to four fathoms below the surface of the water, scattered among beds of kelp, rocks, and occasional beds of smooth sand, the divers found a large group of stone objects. They attached ropes to a few of the stones, used boats and winches to bring them to the surface, then transported them to a local diving shop. In all, there were more then twenty specimens. Some were shaped like doughnuts, others like small barrels, yet others like pickles, balls, and dishes. Some had holes in their centers. The stones ranged in color from gray to tan and in weight from fifty to something over 1,000 pounds.

Puzzled by their find, Meistrell and Baldwin sought out Moriarty, by then a professor of archeology and history at the University of San Diego. At their invitation, Moriarty visited the discovery site and examined the objects.

The archeologist found that the newly discovered stones, like the rock found earlier by Von Huene and Greene, were hand carved. They were heavily encrusted with barnacles and deeply pitted and bored by algae, sponges, and other marine organisms. Suspecting that the stones were of Asian origin, Moriarty set out to learn more about their geologic composition, age, and design. He consulted with members of the American Institute of Nautical Archeology and with professors of geology and earth sciences inside and outside California. At his request, samples were taken from the stones and subjected to geologic analysis. The tests showed that at least two of the samples were feldspathic sandstone cemented by calcium carbonate, a kind of mineral deposit that is found with some frequency along the southern coast of China but is not one of the major lithologic units of the California coast. A third sample proved to be a carbonaceous mudstone, possibly a sample of Monterey shale, which is commonly found in southern California.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE STONES—SCATTERED IN shallow water over more than three hundred feet of the ocean floor—led Moriarty to hypothesize that they were the remnants of an old shipwreck. Their design,

Are the anchor stones really old, or were they left by fishermen of the last century?

shape, and age suggested that they had been carved by Asians, possibly hundreds of years ago.

While Moriarty and other scientists were measuring, cataloguing, and evaluating the Patton Escarpment and Palos Verdes stones, historians and geographers were reviewing long-neglected Chinese and Japanese chronicles of early exploration in an effort to discover some literary key, some historical pattern that might lend meaning to the archeological discoveries.

At least since 1761, when French sinologist Joseph de Guignes translated and published the chronicles of a Buddhist monk named Huishen, Western historians have known of a rich body of Chinese literature that details ancient voyages of discovery and exploration to a strange and far-distant land—a land that may have been America. But few had given this literature the kind of systematic study it deserved.

Huishen, the author of one of the most notable of the old Chinese chronicles, was probably a native of Afghanistan, though he lived in China and his travels clearly belonged to the Chinese tradition. In A.D. 458 this daring monk set out from China on a long and arduous voyage to the east—a voyage that brought him at length to a land called Fusang.

Fusang, according to Huishen, was located 20,000 li (approximately 6,600 miles) east of the country of Ta Han (probably the Kamchatka Peninsula). Fusang was a large land with many distinctive geographical features. Huishen was particularly impressed by the bamboo-like trees ("Fusang trees," he called them) that grew there in profusion. The natives ate the reddish, pear-like fruit of the tree, spun thread and made cloth from its bark, and used its wood to make paper and build houses. The people of Fusang had a system of writing. "But they have no fortresses or walled cities," the monk noted, "and they do not wage war in that kingdom." In the year 499, Huishen returned to China, where the emperor ordered him to tell his marvelous tale to the courtier Prince Yu Kie, who entered it in the imperial archives.

Guignes was fascinated by the chronicles of Huishen. Carefully studying the ancient monk's geographical directions, his descriptions of Fusang's flora and fauna, and the comments he made about its people, the Frenchman concluded that Fusang was located somewhere on the coast of North America, somewhat to the north of the mountain plateau on which the Aztecs later established their empire. "The Chinese penetrated to a country very far from the shores of the Orient," Guignes wrote. "I have examined the distances stated by them, and the length of the standard of measure used by them, and they have led me to the coast of California."

Riveting though the chronicles of Huishen are to many historians and geographers, an even older Chinese chronicle contains an equally or (if we may judge by its antiquity) even more interesting description of a land far to the east of China. This is the *Shan Hai King* or *Classic of Mountains and Seas*, a multi-volume work of combined history, geography, and poetry that was written as long ago as 2200 B.C. by a remarkable man called Yu.

At the time he started the *Shan Hai King*, Yu was minister of public works to the emperor Shun and one of the most admired men in China. He later became emperor himself. Though scholars believe that the *Shan Hai King* originally contained thirty-two books, only eighteen survive today, among them *The Classic of the Eastern Mountains, In Regard to the Regions Beyond the Sea,* and *The Classic of the Great Eastern Waste*. Taken together, these books describe a distant eastern land with green hills and lofty mountains, rushing rivers and broad deserts, exotic animals and strange people—a land with great trees that soar thousands of feet into the sky, and a "Great Luminous Canyon" with colorful walls and a "bottomless ravine" that shelters a tiny stream.

Historians and geographers have debated the meanings of these chronicles for more than a century—and have come to widely varying conclusions. In 1811 the great German explorer and naturalist Alexander von Humboldt called Huishen "The Leif Ericson of China" and Fusang "The Vinland of the West." Twenty years later, Humboldt's fellow-countryman, Julius Klaproth, disputed the great distances supposed to have been traveled by Huishen and advanced his opinion that Fusang was nothing more than an ancient name for Japan. The French Chevalier de Paravey, writing in 1844, agreed with Guignes that Fusang was California. In 1885 Edward P. Vining reexamined the Chinese chronicles and announced his conclusion that Fusang was ancient Mexico. In the 1920s the University of California's Charles E. Chapman agreed with Vining that Fusang was Mexico and announced his conclusion that the "Fusang tree" was the ubiquitous Mexican century plant. In 1953 lawyer and writer Henriette Mertz published an ambitious volume of description and analysis titled *Pale Ink*, in which she identified hundreds of North American mountains, valleys, streams, and other natural features with places described in Yu's *Shan Hai King*. Mertz believed that the Fusang tree was the giant saguaro cactus of southwestern United States and Mexico, and Yu's "Great Luminous Canyon" none other than the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. Huishen's landing place, she thought, was probably near Point Hueneme on the coast of southern California's Ventura County.

WHAT CAN TWENTIETH-CENTURY READERS MAKE of the land of Fusang and the wonderful descriptions of *Shan Hai King*? How do the diverse and widely separated archeological discoveries of the last century and a half contribute to an understanding of the early peoples of North and South America—how they came to the Western Hemisphere and what contacts they had with

COURTESY LOS ANGELES TIMES

Amateur divers Robert Meistrell (left) *and Wayne N. Baldwin pose with some of the mysterious stones they discovered off the Palos Verdes Peninsula in southern California. If the stones prove to be relics from ancient Oriental ships, they will be important in explaining our prehistory.*

other peoples after they arrived?

The evidence that Asians were in America hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years ago is large and growing. If Japanese seafarers were not on the coast of Washington State before the first Europeans arrived there, how did high-carbon steel blades find their way into Indian huts at Ozette—huts that were totally buried by mud before Europeans (or Yankees) made their first appearance on the coast? If Japanese sailors did not land on the coast of Ecuador around 3000 B.C., how did pottery that closely resembles ancient Japanese pottery find its way into the fishing village of Valdivia? It is possible that the steel blades were traded down the coast from some ancient bridge of contact between Asia and North America, or taken from a disabled Japanese junk that might have drifted crewless across the Pacific from Asia to America. Possible—but hardly likely. It taxes belief, however, to suggest that large quantities of fragile pottery could have traveled from Japan to Ecuador in such a hazardous and roundabout way (and left no land trail to record its extraordinary passage).

The Patton Escarpment and Palos Verdes stones are important in any consideration of this fascinating subject. If these artifacts are in fact relics of an ancient Asian shipwreck, they are of inestimable importance and value. But the verdict on the stones is not yet in.

Frank J. Frost, a history professor at the University of California in Santa Barbara, has recently mounted a vigorous attack on James Moriarty's conclusions regarding the southern California stones. The Patton Escarpment rock, says Frost, is not worthy of serious consideration because the place where it was found cannot be visited and inspected (it is deep on the ocean floor and cannot be located precisely on maps). He dismisses the Palos Verdes stones as nautical relics of probable nineteenth-century origin—anchor stones made in California by Chinese fishermen who inhabited the coast in large numbers after the beginning of the California gold rush. Chinese fishing villages were scattered along the coast from San Diego to San Francisco Bay in the second half of the nineteenth century (one, curiously enough, was located

COURTESY UNITED STATES GEOLOGICAL SURVEY

Dr. Gary Greene of the United States Geological Survey examines a chain-bag dredge lifted from the Patton Escarpment. This dredge is similar to the one in which he and Dr. Roland Von Huene discovered the stone that may have come from an ancient Oriental ship.

near Palos Verdes). At least in the early years, the Chinese fished from junks. The Santa Barbara professor hypothesizes that the Palos Verdes area may have been a rich fishing ground in the nineteenth century and that large numbers of Chinese fishing craft may have anchored there over the years. Some may have lost their anchors, leaving them on the ocean floor. This would account for the large number of stones that were found at Palos Verdes (and it might help to explain why some samples taken from the stones indicate that they were made from local rock while others point to a possible Asian origin).

Moriarty and his colleagues are not impressed by Frost's arguments. They doubt that the Palos Verdes stones are relics of nineteenth-century Chinese fishing vessels. "No ship large enough to carry anchors weighing 40 to 1,200 pounds would anchor in 10 to 15 feet of water," they point out, adding that there is no "fishing reef" as such at the discovery site. While Moriarty and his colleagues continue to subject the stones to tests, evaluations, and studies—scientists, archeologists, and historians debate the significance of the relics and the light they may or may not shed on the prehistory of America.

Whatever the final verdict on the Patton Escarpment and Palos Verdes stones, it is clearly too late in the game to argue that Asians were not in the Western Hemisphere before Columbus. If the Patton Escarpment and Palos Verdes stones are not ancient Asian artifacts, such artifacts may well be lying on the ocean floor at this moment, waiting to be discovered. If and when they are found and properly authenticated, they will do much to answer questions that still puzzle scientists and historians: How did the ancient Asians come to America? When did they arrive? What effect did they have on native American culture, metallurgy, mathematics, writing, and religion?

Is all this discussion of ancient sea contacts between the East and the West too extravagant? Is the suggestion that an Asian seafarer may have been the first Old World discoverer of the New World too fanciful, too fantastic, to be true? Perhaps. Then again—perhaps not.

Twenty-five hundred years ago, the great Chinese philosopher Confucius read the *Shan Hai King*, read its wonderful tales of travel and exploration in a land far to the east of China, read its strange and wonderful descriptions of towering mountains, soaring trees, and "bottomless ravines." And when he had finished his reading, the philosopher pronounced judgment on the *Shan Hai King's* author. "Straight was the course of the annalist Yu," said Confucius, "aye, straight as an arrow flies."

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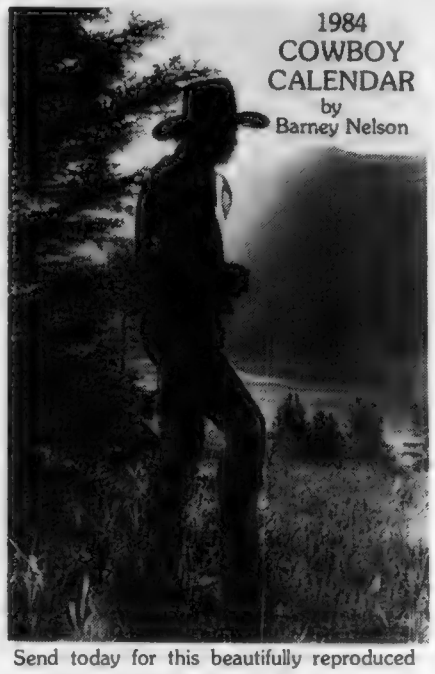
Brian McGinty *is an attorney and writer whose articles on Western history have appeared in dozens of magazines and scholarly journals.*



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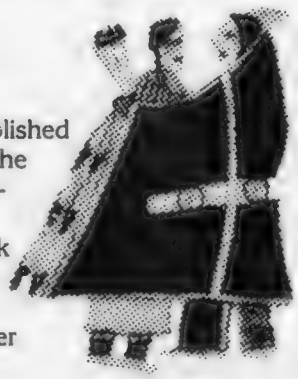

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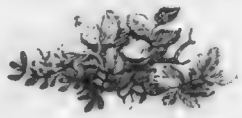

Edited by Mary McDougall Gordon. One of the best of all gold rush diaries, this is Reid's recently discovered account of his journey to California in 1849 on the first commercial wagon train to cross the plains. Promising transport to the goldfields in just 60 days, the Pioneer Line's 42-wagon train left Missouri in mid-May. But mismanaged and plagued by cholera and scurvy, the adventure became a nightmare, and it was October before a pitiful remnant of the train, carrying a handful of sick and dying survivors, arrived at its destination. Illus. About $19.95

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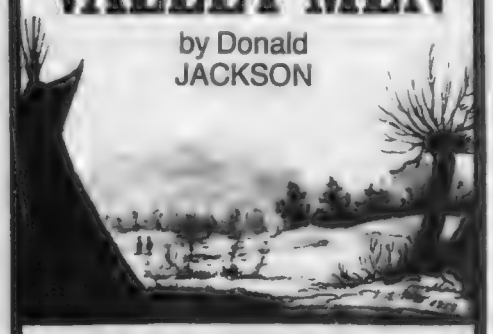

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TICKNOR & FIELDS

Books *(Continued from page 54)*

Austin. It is not a travelogue or diary of her 2,500-mile journey, but, by her own account, "a book of prophecy of the progressive acculturation of the land's people"—and of a human relationship to that land.

Concise Dictionary of American History *(Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1983; 1140 pp., $60.00).*

Scribner's eight-volume *Dictionary of American History,* published in 1976, has been condensed into one volume for easy reference. Updated articles cover topics from pre-Columbian times through the present and are cross-referenced with other pertinent titles for a wider view of each subject.

The River of the West: The Adventures of Joe Meek, *Volume I,* **The Mountain Years** *by Frances Fuller Victor (Mountain Press Publishing Co., Missoula, Montana, 1983 [first published in 1870]; 282 pp., illus., notes, biblio., index, paper $9.95, cloth $24.95).*

Waggish Joe Meek told his story to Frances Victor more than one hundred years ago. It is a fresh, first-hand account of early fur trade in the Rocky Mountains and of the men who lived in that wilderness, ever moving with the fur. With wry humor (and occasional exaggeration), Meek tells of his encounters with missionaries, trappers, and Indians. We learn of beaver personalities—"les paresseux," easy to bait; and those who are "up to trap," clever enough to prove the trapper not "up to beaver."

Doctor Nellie *by Helen MacKnight Doyle (William Kaufmann, Inc., Los Altos, California, 1983; 364 pp., illus., paper $9.95, cloth $17.50).*

The glowing reviews this book received when first published in 1934 called it a moving account of an admirable life. Helen MacKnight Doyle's autobiography is an engrossing tale of personal growth in the face of hardship after her family was split by the lure of the West. It begins with her fifth Christmas in Pennsylvania and follows her through difficult years at medical school in San Francisco and a long practice in the early twentieth-century West.

Ohiyesa: Charles Eastman, Santee Sioux *by Raymond Wilson (University of Illinois Press, Champaign, Illinois, 1983; 232 pp., illus., biblio., index, $16.95).*

This narrative tells of a man, raised a Sioux warrior, who moved into educated society at the end of the nineteenth century. Ohiyesa later became a prominent physician and lecturer as well as an active spokesman for the Indian cause. Well researched and readable, the story of Dr. Charles Eastman's effort to bridge two worlds is a fascinating study of human nature.

Willa: The Life of Willa Cather *by Phyllis C. Robinson (Doubleday & Company, Inc., Garden City, New York, 1983; 321 pp., illus., notes, biblio., index, $17.95).*

"Passionate, alive, more vivid than any of her characters." Thus Phyllis Robinson describes Willa Cather, author of western classics *My Antonía, O Pioneers,* and *Death Comes to the Archbishop.* Robinson portrays the people, the currents and channels that moved this inspired Western author. We are led from her birth in the blue-grass country of western Virginia through her long abode in New York City to her death in 1947.

God Bless You, Buffalo Bill: A Layman's Guide to History and the Western Film *by Wayne Michael Sarf (Associated University Presses and Cornwall Books, East Brunswick, N.J., 1983; 279 pp., illus., biblio., index, $27.50).*

Using detailed examples from *The Great Train Robbery* (1903) to *The Return of a Man Called Horse* (1976), the author contrasts "real" histories of the Old West to mythologies created in Hollywood.

Cooking Texas Style: A Heritage of Traditional Recipes *by Candy Wagner and Sandra Marquez (University of Texas Press, Austin, 1983; 193 pp., illus., index, $12.95).*

Catfish, scrapple, spareribs, and sauerkraut. Margaritas or watermelon punch. This collection of recipes is as diverse as the ethnic groups that have emigrated to Texas. Family favorites are presented along with notes on their preparation or history.

A Taste of the West: Essays in Honor of Robert G. Athearn *ed. by Duane A. Smith (Pruett Publishing Company, Boulder, Colorado, 1983; 194 pp., illus., notes, index, $17.95).*

Chinese miners massacred on the Snake River; nineteenth-century taxidermist Martha Maxwell; pioneer mothers in the Rockies—these are among the intriguing subjects in this anthology. Investigating

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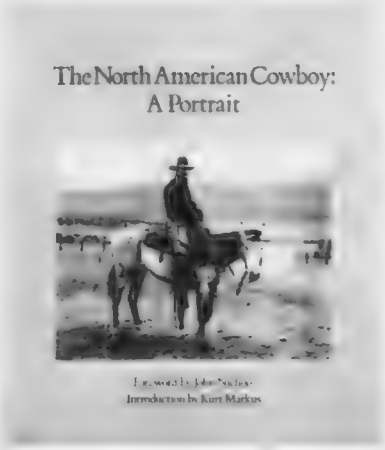

The North American Cowboy: A Portrait, by Jay Dusard, is a book of large format black and white photographs of perhaps our most unique and fascinating group of contemporaries—the men and women who still make their living from the back of a horse. Traveling on a Guggenheim Fellowship, Dusard, who has cowboyed some himself, rode with his subjects, sharing in their ranch duties, before he photographed them. With his unwieldy, tripod-mounted 8x10-inch camera, similar to that of a century ago—but used for its rendering power, not nostalgia—he has produced variegated, remarkably detailed and marvelously human portraits of these people.

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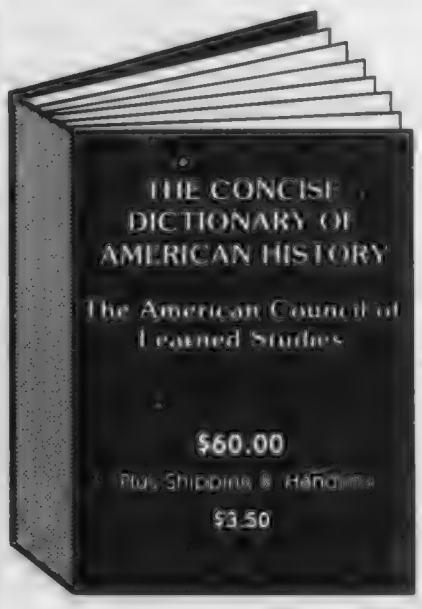

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niches in the Old West where the roots of our new West are set, eleven authors share the engaging results of their research.

Asahel Curtis: Photographs of the Great Northwest *by Richard Frederick and Jeanne Engerman (Washington State Historical Society, Tacoma, Washington, 1983; 72 pp., illus., notes, biblio., paper $7.95, cloth $14.95).*

From the 60,000 photographs taken by Asahel Curtis from 1897 to 1941, the authors have selected one hundred images representing various aspects of Northwest economy, geography, and recreation of the day. These vignettes include shots of gold-rushers, a combine drawn by a twenty-seven-horse team, and early airplanes. Essays explain and expand pictorial information in each of the eight sections, including a biographical chapter.

Alaska Wild Berry Guide and Cookbook *by the Editors of* Alaska *magazine (Alaska Northwest Publishing Company, Anchorage, 1983; 200 pp., illus., index, paper $3.95).*

One hundred thirty pages jam-packed with recipes for syrups, sauces, sweets, and relishes (as well as wines and liqueurs) will make any berrypicker take note. The book also includes an identification guide that alerts potential gatherers to inedible or unsavory fruits and points out where each wild berry grows.

They Left Their Mark: Famous Passages through the Wine Country *by Joan Parry Dutton (Illuminations Press, St. Helena, Calif., 1983; 202 pp., ilius., biblio., index, paper $9.00, cloth $15.95).*

A St. Helena resident describes the experience of men and women like Lillie Langtry and Eadweard Muybridge as they visited the northern California countryside and tells of the lingering impressions that they left on these communities.

Songs America Sings *arranged by Melvin Stecher, Norman Horowitz and Claire Gordon (G. Schirmer, New York, 1982; 315 pp., index, paper $18.95).*

Here is the second verse you never knew, or couldn't quite remember, to dozens of familiar tunes. From spirituals to Broadway productions, you'll find the songs of workmen, cowboys, and mountain belles. This should be a hit with anyone who plays guitar or piano or who simply likes to sing.

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Keep your seat, Horace

Stagecoach driver Hank Monk needed a long breath and a slug of whiskey

by Brian McGinty

WHAT MAKES A MAN GREAT? IN THE CASE OF HANK Monk, it was not the fact that he piloted Horace Greeley across the Sierra from Genoa, Nevada, to Placerville, California, in something less than twelve hours traveling time. That legendary ride made Monk famous from San Francisco to New York and inspired writers as celebrated as Artemus Ward and Mark Twain to write of his exploits. But Monk's claim to be known as the West's greatest stagecoach driver rested on more substantial achievements—on nearly thirty years as the master driver of a Concord coach, thirty years during which he gave innumerable exhibitions of skill, courage, resourcefulness, and the kind of daring bravado that Westerners had long since come to expect of their heroes.

No, Hank Monk's claim to greatness did not rest on his famous ride with Horace Greeley. But that ride made Monk a celebrity, spread his fame across the nation's newspapers, and enshrined it in its books, revealing to the world qualities that might otherwise have been buried—like a light under a bushel—for all eternity.

The ride took place in July of 1859. Only the previous month, a wandering prospector named Henry Comstock had

---

Horace Greeley, editor of the New York Tribune *who advised young men to go West, sits atop a stage in front of the Cary House in Placerville, California, on July 31, 1859. This was after his famous, wild ride over the Sierra Nevada in a Concord coach driven by the intrepid Hank Monk.*

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Hank Monk's confident signature reflects his dashing, adventurous nature. For over thirty years, this celebrated stagecoach driver thrilled and chilled passengers with his heedless speed over mountainous roads and his reckless tales of imaginary escapades.

happened on an extraordinarily rich lode of silver in the mountains of western Nevada (at the time, part of Utah Territory). But Horace Greeley, famous editor of the *New York Tribune*, was unaware of the Comstock strike when he crossed the Nevada desert in that searing summer of 1859. For years, Greeley had used his position as head of the country's most influential newspaper to extol the virtues of the West—to urge young men and women throughout the country to make new lives for themselves and their families beyond the Appalachians, across the Mississippi and on the other side of the Rockies. Now Greeley had decided to cross the country and see the West for himself.

The editor left New York early in May and arrived in Genoa, a bustling trading center south of Carson City, Nevada, on July 29. Ahead lay one of the most forbidding legs of his journey—more than sixty miles of precipitous mountain trails encumbered with boulders, bordered by thick stands of timber, and edged at intervals with perilous cliffs. Hank Monk, veteran driver of the Pioneer stage line, was chosen to pilot the celebrated traveler over the Sierra and into Placerville. It was a duty he did not undertake lightly.

Monk's ride actually began at an inn in the desert fifteen miles west of Genoa. The road followed the headwaters of the Carson River, moved over the Luther Pass into Lake Valley, followed the Meyers Grade to Johnson Pass, then proceeded down the rocky bed of the American River canyon. When the stage reached a stop in the mountains called Strawberry, Monk took his breath (and a generous draft of whiskey) while the station manager changed his horses. Greeley approached the driver in an anxious mood. Strawberry was the last telegraph station before Placerville, and Greeley was due to be in the Mother Lode town no later than five o'clock that afternoon. Could Monk guarantee that the stage would reach Placerville by five? "If there is anything I dislike in this world," Greeley told the driver, "'tis to be disappointed. So do not promise unless you are certain."

"I'll get you there," Monk said coolly.

Off the stage went on the road to Placerville. The route was downhill all the way to a place called Dick's—eleven miles of twisting trail. At times the road narrowed to a tiny shelf that overhung the river far below. If another stage had tried to approach in the opposite direction, there would surely have been a collision. But Monk did not slow his pace. The stage reached Dick's in the record time of fifty-three minutes and, after a short pause, continued down the mountain. The great Concord roared and rattled over the rocky road at breakneck speed. Inside, Greeley began to doubt if he really wanted to get to Placerville by five. He leaned outside the window, stretched his arm toward Monk, and gently tapped on the driver's back.

"I am not particular for an hour or two!" he shouted. The driver resisted the urge to laugh.

"Horace," Monk said sternly. "Keep your seat! I told you I would get you there by five o'clock, and by God I'll do it, if the axles hold!"

On the coach roared. From time to time, Monk looked back on his passenger. One moment, Greeley was bouncing

vigorously on his leather seat. The next, he was leaning out the window, a look of mixed agony and fear on his face. Yet a while later, his bald head, bouncing atop his quivering spine, was rubbing against the canvas roof of the coach.

"Keep your seat, Horace!" Monk taunted. "I'll get you there on time!"

AND HE DID. WHEN THE STAGE ARRIVED AT SPORTSman's Hall, twelve miles east of Placerville, a welcoming committee was waiting with a carriage and six horses. Before entering the carriage, Greeley paused to speak to the stage pilot.

"Hank," he said. "When you get into Placerville, call on me immediately. I wish to see you. Of course, I shall proceed from this point more rapidly than you."

"All right!" said Monk, smiling slyly.

When Greeley got to Placerville, there was a crowd of welcomers in front of the hotel. "When Hank comes in," he told the proprietor, "be sure to tell him I wish to see him."

A voice spoke up from the crowd. "Horace," said Monk slowly, "I've been here an hour and a half! What took you so long?"

"Young man," Greeley retorted good naturedly, "come with me." And the editor took the driver up the street and bought him the best suit of clothes he could find in Placerville.

The story of Hank Monk's ride with Horace Greeley became famous throughout the West. It was the perfect example of a seasoned Westerner showing up an Eastern greenhorn, a tough frontiersman outwitting a fast-talking city-slicker. The humorist Artemus Ward heard the story and printed it in *Artemus Ward: His Travels*. Mark Twain became familiar with the tale while he was living in Nevada and made effective use of it in *Roughing It* and in his popular lectures. And, in due time, the story was entered in the *Congressional Record* in Washington.

Hank Monk had begun his Western career a half-dozen years before his celebrated ride with Greeley. Born in New York State in 1826, he came to California while still in his twenties and found work on the California Stage Company's Sacramento-to-Auburn line. Beginning in 1857, he drove a Pioneer stage between Genoa and Placerville.

The solitude of the Sierra appealed strongly to Monk's rugged character. The narrow, twisting trails challenged his ability with the reins and whips and provided him opportunities to show off his skill. Atop his driver's seat on the spine of the mountains, Monk was master of his rig and team—and of his passengers.

He was a keen-witted man who delighted in poking fun at pompous travelers. When one rider, who had asked to ride atop the coach with the famous driver, bombarded him with a series of particularly inane questions, Monk decided to treat him to a dose of Sierra ribbing. The traveler saw a hatchet lying on the floor of the boot and asked its purpose. Monk saw his opportunity.

"Well, sir," the driver answered, "I carry that hatchet in case we have a smashup on the road or if the coach goes over a cliff, which now and then it does.... When a passenger seems seriously damaged or broken after an accident I just knock him on the head with that hatchet and put him out of his misery. Saves the company a lot of trouble, that hatchet does."

Twenty-one years after Horace Greeley clambered into Hank Monk's stage, another famous visitor became Monk's passenger. It was Rutherford B. Hayes, President of the United States, and the first chief executive ever to venture west of the Rockies while in office. Hayes, accompanied by General William T. Sherman, Secretary of War Alexander Ramsey, and Nevada Governor John Kinkead, rode from Carson City to the mountain summit between Carson and Lake Tahoe in a carriage driven by Hank Monk. They all enjoyed the ride and the magnificent mountain scenery. But when the road got particularly steep, the President became apprehensive. "This is pretty steep," Hayes said to Monk. "Do we have to walk?"

"Keep your seat, Mr. Hayes," Hank Monk retorted smartly. "I'll get you there on time."

Monk continued to drive his Sierra stage well beyond his fiftieth birthday. But time (and his powerful thirst) eventually caught up with him. One day in the early eighties, Monk—nursing a nasty morning-after headache—turned his stage over and spilled a dozen passengers or so onto the trail just east of Saint's Rest. No one was hurt in the mishap, but Monk's pride was wounded—painfully. The "King of the Stage Drivers" lost his confidence, and then his health. Early in 1883 he fell victim to pneumonia, and died.

Today, a century after Hank Monk's death, there are many memories of the great driver in the Nevada desert and along the summit of the Sierra: photographs of the ace driver that hang over the back bars of saloons from Placerville to Virginia City; a tombstone in Carson City's Lone Mountain Cemetery; a massive gold watch inscribed with Monk's name and those of ten of his admirers (one of them George Hearst, father of William Randolph) that is regularly hauled out to dazzle visitors in Virginia City. But none of these things can ever capture Monk's persona as well as Artemus Ward's and Mark Twain's retellings of his famous ride with Horace Greeley—or the sound of the great driver's voice itself ringing down through history: "Keep your seat, Horace! I'll get you there on time!"

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

The best source of information on Monk and his ride with Greeley is *Hank Monk and Horace Greeley: An Enduring Episode in Western History* by Richard G. Lillard and Mary V. Hood (Wilmac Press, Georgetown, California, 1973). The dialogue is from Monk's own account, as reported in the (San Francisco) *Golden Era*, April 15, 1860, p. 5 (quoted in Lillard and Hood, pp. 10, 44). The hatchet story is from "King of the Stagecoach Drivers" by Lucius Beebe, *Holiday* (September, 1953), p. 11. Greeley's own account of the ride is in his *An Overland Journey in 1859* (New York, 1860), pp. 280–282. Artemus Ward's and Mark Twain's renderings of the story are wonderfully entertaining but so exaggerated as to be, in various particulars, apocryphal. (Twain, for example, denied that the ride actually ever took place, although contemporary evidence clearly verifies it).

Brian McGinty *is a San Francisco-based freelancer with a special interest in Western history.*

Western Snapshots Today

On August 30 this $2.5 million, 120-foot sternwheeler was launched with little ceremony into the waters of the Columbia Gorge in Hood River, Oregon. It is the first paddlewheeler to cruise the northwest rivers in four decades.

Dick Nichols and his crew of twenty-five at Nichols Boat Works spent over a year constructing the "Columbia Gorge." Though they did not run into any real problems, Nichols said "it was quite an undertaking" for the small boatyard. The sternwheeler was designed by naval architect D. R. Hudson to resemble the steamers that navigated northwest waters during the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. But in the "Columbia Gorge" steel has replaced most of the wood, and, in place of a steam engine, a diesel engine turns the paddlewheel. From now on she will tour the Columbia and Willamette rivers carrying residents and tourists, with revenues from the excursions enriching the public coffers of the Port of Cascade Locks.

Jeanie Senior, photographer and journalist from Hood River, took this dry-dock shot of the unfinished masterpiece in morning light with Tri-X film at 400 ASA. She uses a Nikon F2 AS camera and a 200mm Nikkor lens.

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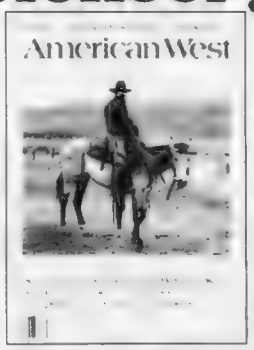

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Western Snapshots Yesterday

Everybody pitched in to help in this winery. Frank and Louise Laake (second and third from left) stand proudly with family members, hired workmen, and their two hand-operated presses at their Oakhill Vineyards in Frelsburg, Texas, in 1910.

The Laakes carried on an old-world tradition of family business, where the boss worked in the field and at the wine press, helping to harvest the bountiful yield of the soil and to extract wine from the grapes.

Frank and Louise Laake emigrated to this country in the 1850s, he as a young man from Prussia and she as a young girl from Austria. Soon after their marriage in 1866, Frank Laake began a successful enterprise in grape culture and developed a splendid vineyard at Frelsburg. He made a careful study of grape cultivation and wine manufacturing, operating his own laboratory and cellar for the production of fine sparkling wines. The Oakhill Vineyards won many awards at Texas County and State Fairs for the best Texas wines.

The wine press in the center of the photograph was operated by manpower for many years; then a team of mules was hitched to it, and they went around until they got dizzy and were replaced by a backup team. There is the story that the grape skins and pits were thrown to the pigs; if they were not eaten immediately, they fermented, and the pigs got tipsy on them.

Wine from the Laake grapes was stored in large barrels in cellars below the building in the background of the photograph. When it was ready, it was shipped in barrels to every state in the nation, much of it being used by churches for sacramental purposes.

This Western Snapshot Yesterday was sent in by a great-granddaughter of the Laakes, Bernadine F. Wells of Bethany, Oklahoma. Ms. Wells reports that the Oakhill Vineyards were in operation from about 1880 to around 1917. They were not passed on in the family and died when the elder Laakes died.

AMERICAN WEST offers twenty-five dollars to any reader whose Western Snapshot Yesterday is accepted for publication on this page. We seek old photographs that tell stories of bygone times. Especially welcome are pictures depicting some forgotten aspect of Western life, serious or amusing. Space is limited; so, we have to be selective. We'll take good care of your pictures and return them promptly. Be sure to pack the snapshots carefully and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send submissions to AMERICAN WEST, Western Snapshots Yesterday, 3033 N. Campbell Avenue, Tucson, Arizona 85719.

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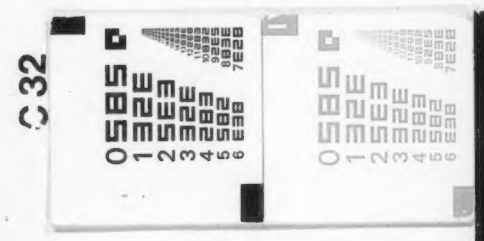
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